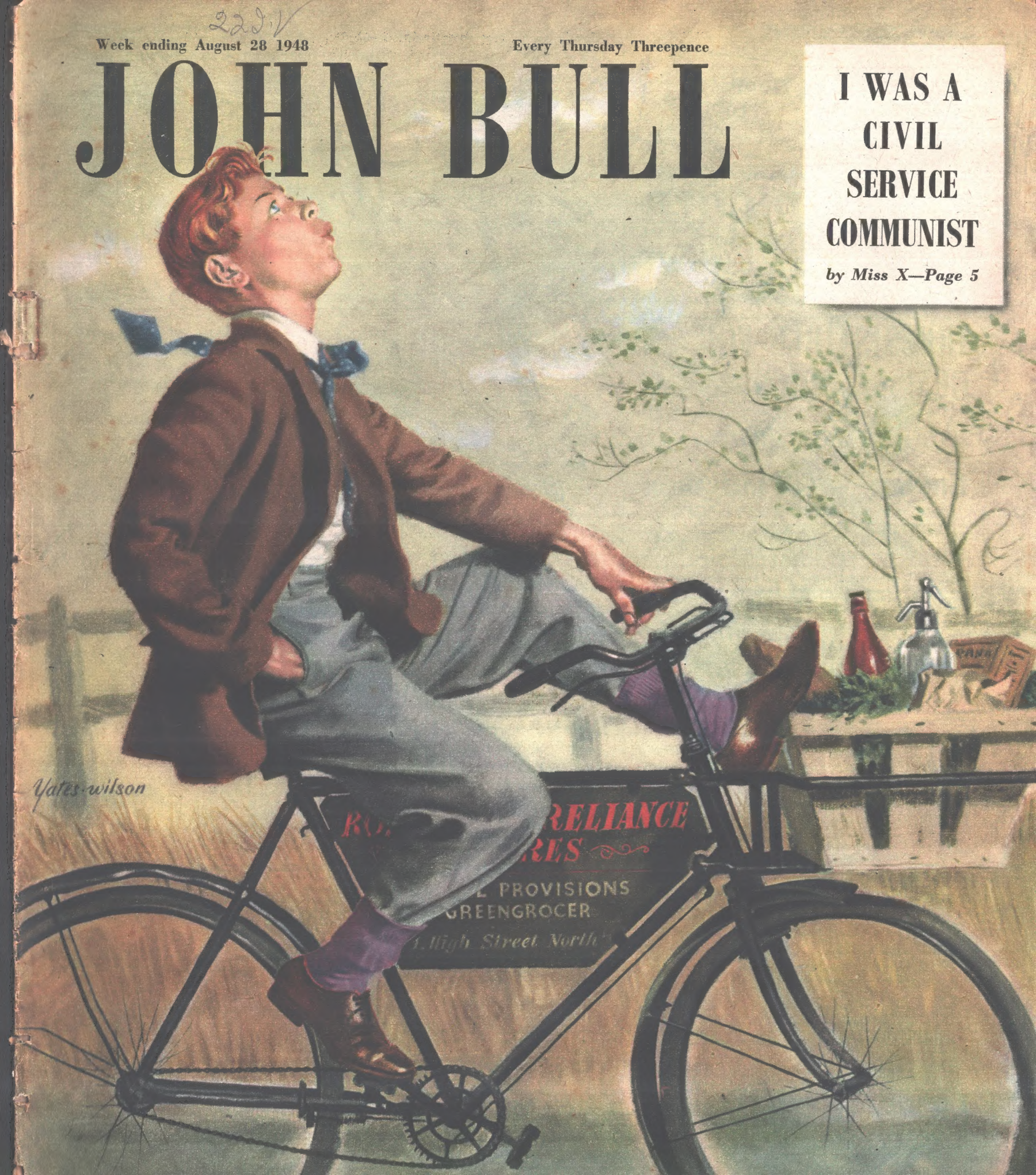
Week ending August 28 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

I WAS A CIVIL SERVICE COMMUNIST

by Miss X—Page 5



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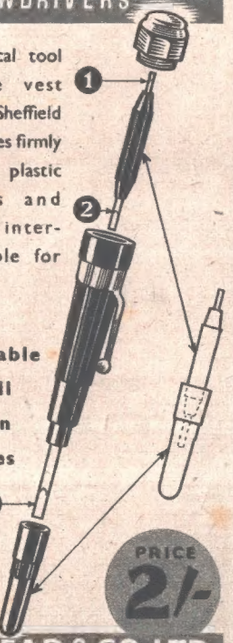

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Safe, skin-flexible dressings for use in the home, made by Johnson & Johnson with as much care as they put into their famous hospital dressings and bandages.

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Ask also for KIWI BLUE and KIWI TRANSPARENT specially manufactured for Ladies' Shoes

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Don't Spoil MY Holiday Pleasure!

Enjoy Summer days — don't mope about with a "sniffly" Cold, a "shivery" Chill or "heavy" head. *Just take a BEECHAM'S POWDER* and see how quickly the uncomfortable symptoms are relieved. You can rely upon this deservedly popular remedy. BEECHAM'S POWDERS are a combination of ingredients which are rapidly assimilated and are therefore *speedy in action*. That is why so many people depend on them and always keep a supply handy. GET SOME BEECHAM'S POWDERS NOW!

For the convenience of holiday makers and travellers Beecham's Powders *are obtainable also in* Tablet Form 1/4d. per bottle

Prices in Gt. Britain (Inc. Pur. Tax) Cartons of 8 powders 1/6d. 2 Powders for 5½d.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

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Quality improved again

Caperns

BRISTOL SEED

in packets (sealed) against dust

Ever-Ready

de luxe RAZOR SET *with* 6 CORRUX BLADES

It's a long time since such amazing value has been offered to the public and there will be a big demand for these handsome sets in beautiful plastic cases of various colours.

Ever-Ready Corrux Blades give you a* better, smoother shave because, unlike wafer * type blades, they are made from special heavy surgical steel able to stand up to hollow grinding and take a super keen lasting edge.

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JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

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AUGUST 28, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2200

Post-holiday Facts

AS THE HOLIDAY SEASON ends, and we come back to our machines and benches and desks, what is the big fact we have to face?

It is that we are still not producing enough to pay our way as a nation.

Behind that fact is another: that unless we work harder we never shall pay our way.

The Government has been very frank about our plight—especially so through its chief spokesman on this front, Sir Stafford Cripps. It has made a great effort to stimulate production for export. It has done its best to keep down prices and profits and wages. It has not completely succeeded, partly because world events have been against it, but largely, we have to admit, because British workers as a whole are not working hard enough or long enough.

Many excuses, such as fear of war, and boredom with austerity, can be made.

But it is still a shocking fact that hours of work have been reduced in many industries to a level we simply cannot afford. And there is still far too much ca' canny, far too many restrictive practices, far too many obsolete suspicions on the part of both workers and employers.

All these evils hamper *the doing of a good day's work*.

And on that simple thing, *the doing of a good day's work*, depend all our futures.

"Blood" Sports at Bay

CONTROVERSY WILL BECOME ACUTE this autumn over the proposed Bill to outlaw hunting and coursing.

The hunting fraternity and the coursing interests are trying to organize a body of public opinion to counter the hostility which threatens their sports.

To add strength to their case they assert that shooting and angling will also be barred if the reformers have their way. This is denied by the organized opponents of blood sports.

It would be quite impossible to stop shooting, because pests have to be kept down. And there has never been any serious campaign against angling.

But there is a growing body of opinion against the obvious cruelties of coursing, and even against fox, stag and otter hunting, despite their picturesque traditions.

Just one hundred years ago a similar attitude was reached towards cock-fighting, which was duly prohibited in 1849. It followed bull-baiting and bear-baiting and other barbarities which had already been condemned.

In the last resort, public opinion alone can decide controversial questions depending on humanitarian principles. And opinion in this case takes a long time to form, because we are not very logical about field sports.

No doubt there will yet be bitter argument; but the trend of our civilization to take the bloodshed out of sport is sure to conquer in the end.

"Private" No Longer

THE SCANDAL OF THE BAD private schools is to be tackled at last.

This squalid backwater in education has been neglected for too long. JOHN BULL has often campaigned to get action on behalf of child victims. Now the Ministry of Health is not only taking heed—but beginning to do something about it.

New regulations have been drafted requiring all private schools to register and to submit to regular official inspection.

We congratulate the Minister of Education, George Tomlinson, on what he is doing and hope that his officials will be given power to take very drastic action, where it is necessary, when the next school term starts in September.

A private school with no Government grant needs to be run very well indeed if it is to pay its way and fulfil the purpose of educating pupils properly. In the past, too many of these schools have taken plenty of parents' money and in return have provided only bad schooling from unqualified teachers, bad premises and sanitation and bad food for boarders.

In the worst cases real cruelty and misery have resulted. Crack down on them hard, Mr. Tomlinson!

Good Crops: Good News

WHEN WE HAVE GOOD CROPS, prices fall, rationing is eased or abolished, and everybody is enabled to feel cheerful and hopeful.

Obvious? Yes; but the lesson has not yet been learned everywhere by politicians and business men.

They should consider the case of cotton. There is very nearly a record cotton crop in America. Therefore prices have fallen. This has helped to bring down the price of raw cotton from Egypt and other parts of Africa.

Britain's exchange position benefits, Lancashire production benefits, and, ultimately, so do all of us.

Another example is our own cereal harvest. Three weeks ago we were all despondent because rains threatened to ruin it. Then the sun came out, and the farmers did much better than they had feared.

But if the American cotton crop and the British corn crop had both failed, no amount of financial juggling would have compensated us.

The moral is: concentrate everywhere on intensive and scientific agriculture, the one long-term hope for a hungry world.

We Need Nurses Now

LACK OF NURSES, and unrest among nurses, become more serious every month.

Consider the appalling fact that forty thousand hospital beds in this country remain empty because there is no one to tend them, while nearly all hospitals have long waiting lists of patients.

Consider the authoritative estimate by a committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund that only one in five of student nurses in London eventually become trained staff.

JOHN BULL has already demanded action to improve nurses' pay and conditions so that recruits will be attracted instead of discouraged, and trainees will be retained.

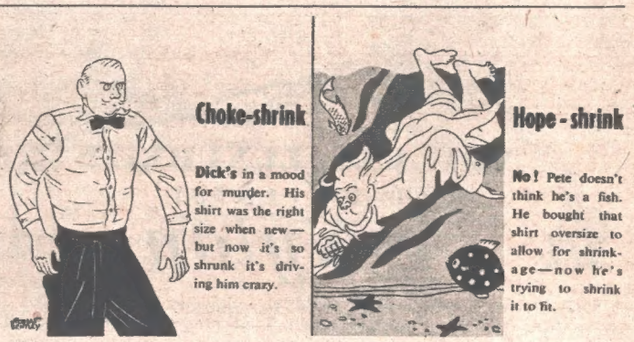
But reform has been altogether too slow and too niggardly to make any difference.

Clearly there must be a great upgrading of the nurses' standards of employment. And it must come at once. We cannot afford to lose any more time in training large numbers of new nurses for the future. Otherwise, the shortage will remain desperate for many years.

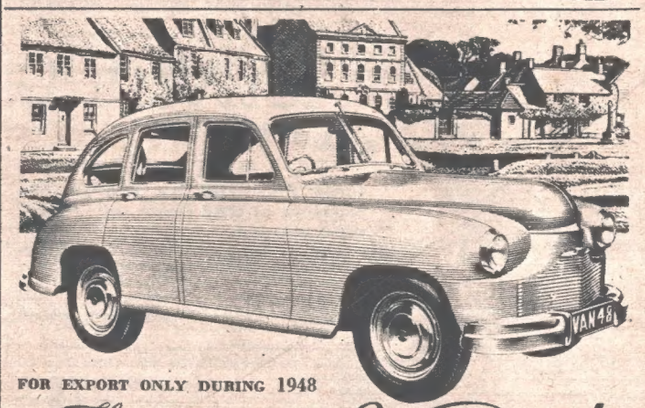
[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed] 3

There's no harm in asking!
There's great satisfaction in getting
Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY
White Label
John Dewar & Sons

Max. retail prices 33/4 bot. 17/5 half bot. As fixed by The Scotch Whisky Assoc.


Choke-shrink
Dick's in a mood for murder. His shirt was the right size when new—but now it's so shrunk it's driving him crazy.
Hope-shrink
No! Pete doesn't think he's a fish. He bought that shirt oversize to allow for shrinkage—now he's trying to shrink it to fit.

Shirts with this label won't-shrink out of fit → SANFORIZED SHRUNK FABRIC



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STANDARD CARS • FERGUSON TRACTORS • TRIUMPH CARS

You'll be glad you got

GILBEY'S

PORTS AND SHERRIES

maxfactorized glamour IS FOR YOU, TOO...

ANN TODD IN HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION "SO EVIL MY LOVE"

Achieve This Thrilling New Loveliness Yourself With

COLOUR HARMONY MAKE-UP

MAX FACTOR Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store

Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

These famous glamorizing requisites of Hollywood's most alluring screen stars will give you amazing new beauty . . . RIGHT NOW! Try them today . . . this very night.

Beauty has a better chance today

Skirts sweeping the ground and waists laced to eighteen inches were scarcely freedom fashions! Today the trend is to simplicity. And of all things in this modern tradition, Tampax is freedom exemplified. Supremely effective, simple, safe, hygienic, comfortable, it gives you that peace of mind which is beauty's sure foundation.

TAMPAX

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

REGULAR TAMPAX No. 1 In packets of 10 . . . . . 1/9
★NEW SUPER ABSORBENT TAMPAX No. 2. In packets of 10 . . 2/-

Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Middlesex

"You're on a good thing—young fellow!"

A baby on Carnation Milk is on the best of good things, because:

1 It is more easily digested: *it is heat-treated and homogenised.*
2 Its top quality never varies: *it is scientifically processed.*
3 It is safe and pure: *it is sealed in airtight containers, then sterilised.*

Remember, Carnation Milk is pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the natural water has been removed by evaporation, therefore to have rich, creamy milk you simply *add* water as directed on the label.

YOU CAN LUXURIATE (OR INSULATE) IN *Nylon*

One day, we hope, you'll luxuriate in nylon—in the stockings, dress fabrics, lingerie and laces which at present must nearly all be sold abroad. Meantime you can insulate in nylon—because the electrical industry (like many other industries) is finding the practical properties of nylon yarn uncommonly useful on the job.

Nylon yarn IS strong, light, tough, hardwearing, flexible, elastic; WILL wash or clean easily; stay strong when wet; dry easily; WON'T rot; feed moths or other insects; burst into flame.

BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS LTD., PONTYPOOL, MONMOUTHSHIRE

'Oral' Shoes for women

enable one to go through the busiest day without undue fatigue, yet they are quite stylish. *Ask for them by name.*

'Oral'- *Makers of good shoes*
Rushden. Northants.

WAYMAC FOLDING PUSH CHAIR

folds instantly by the simple pressure of ONE finger on trigger-type release.

Weighs only 9 lbs. approx. This exceptional lightness is due to special design and strong Light Alloy construction, finished in attractive colours. Car type springing on back wheels; large Rubber Hub Caps.

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The NEW PIFCO *massager*

Massage is good for you! It stimulates the circulation, invigorates the tissues and promotes a healthy skin. Doctors recommend it.

The new Pifco Massager is a pleasure to use—simple, safe and very beneficial. It will help you to good health and a beautiful complexion. It relieves many aches and pains.

Supplied complete with four Applicators for Face, Neck, Body and Scalp massage, and simple Instruction Booklet and charts.

Obtainable from your Chemist, Electrical Dealer or Store.

For use on A.C. only.

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PIFCO Electric *Massager*

RADIANT RITA HAYWORTH, star of Columbia Pictures' "The Lady from Shanghai," says: "It's wonderful how the Lux Toilet Soap massage technique *does* make the skin softer, smoother, altogether lovelier."

LUX TOILET SOAP

Used by 9 out of 10 film stars

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 1462-1138-65

It's only natural...

. . . for the little 'mother' to take great care over those first steps. She'll play happily by the hour. But should some minor upset put her out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice!

'California Syrup of Figs'

ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus Petex proudly present

DEEBOLD

The amazing scientific DE-SHINE process

ask for leaflet at your local branch or Agent

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

"Paul *looks* successful now his constipation's done with" says Mrs. G., of Brighton

All last winter Paul looked depressed—it seemed as if life were too much for him. He kept saying there was nothing wrong, but I knew that just couldn't be true. Finally I got the idea it might be constipation and I started serving Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. Well, I can't begin to describe the change! Paul just glows these days—you can see he's a man who's going places. And how he enjoys that daily plate of delicious All-Bran!

You can relieve constipation with a Food

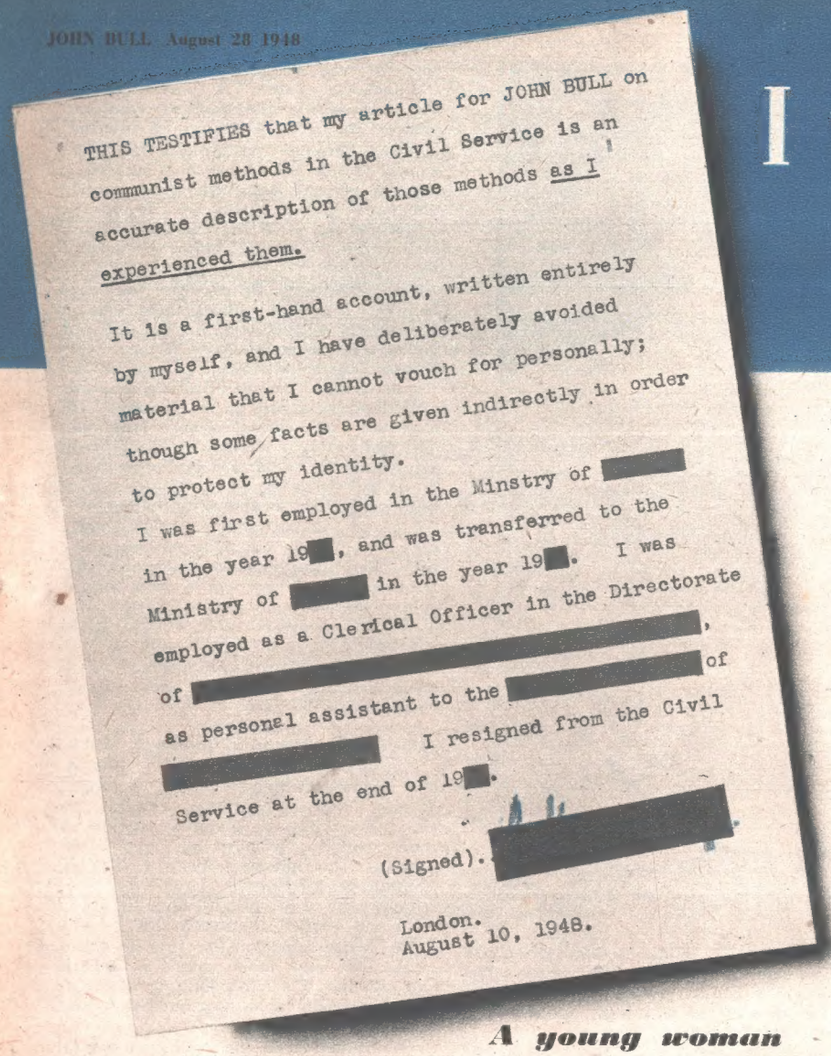
Many people today are constipated, because the foods they eat are too soft and starchy. These foods are almost completely absorbed by the body and what they leave in the intestines is not "bulky" enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." Constipation is the result.

Kellogg's All-Bran—not a drug, not a medicine, but a delicious *food*—provides the missing "bulk" for bowel muscles. It makes grand eating, too. Try it tomorrow, and every day, for breakfast—with milk and sugar, or mixed with stewed fruit or another breakfast cereal.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *is the rich outer layers of wheat deliciously flavoured with malt and sweetened with sugar.* 7½d. *packets.* From your grocer.

I was a Civil Service Communist

by MISS X



THIS TESTIFIES that my article for JOHN BULL on communist methods in the Civil Service is an accurate description of those methods as I experienced them.

It is a first-hand account, written entirely by myself, and I have deliberately avoided material that I cannot vouch for personally; though some facts are given indirectly in order to protect my identity.

I was first employed in the Ministry of [redacted] in the year 19[redacted], and was transferred to the Ministry of [redacted] in the year 19[redacted]. I was employed as a Clerical Officer in the Directorate of [redacted], as personal assistant to the [redacted] of [redacted]. I resigned from the Civil Service at the end of 19[redacted].

(Signed). [redacted]

London.
August 10, 1948.

A young woman tells from her personal experience how the Communist underground in Britain really operates

THE RECENT Canadian spy trials brought out two facts. The first, that paid agents were working for the Soviet Union inside the country of a friendly Power and that its Embassy was involved in espionage. This was startling enough.

But the second disclosure was even more startling. It was proved that within the Canadian administration itself, Canadian citizens were organized into clandestine groups or "cells" — and these were at work collecting information for Moscow.

These disclosures stimulated Britain's Civil Service purge, and now, as that purge goes ahead, the story of my experiences in a parallel organization of secret Communist "cells" in Whitehall is of special interest. There are plenty of Communists in the Civil Service—and they are underground.

How are they recruited? How do the underground organizations conceal themselves? What are their tactics in their trade unions? What sort of *people* are involved?

I have part of the answer to these questions. I say part of the answer because this account is of my own personal experiences and I have deliberately avoided anything in the nature of hearsay evidence.

It was in 1941 that I was "recruited" to the Communist Party. Russia had just entered the war. I was a young temporary clerk in the Ministry of ——, my head crammed with Socialist ideals gathered from a Left Wing schoolteacher and much reading of William Morris. The phoney war was over; the time for action had come and I was chafing at my dull work on contracts.

Reserved in my job, there seemed nothing active I could do to help fight Fascism. Time and again, but shyly, I volunteered my services to the Civil Service trade union, but got no encouragement.

Then one day my phone rang. An unknown speaker wished to see me at six o'clock.

The man who kept the appointment was punctual, alert and cautious. He made sure the door was closed and the room quite empty.

Someone had told him I was a Red. He asked me, was I a Party member? Anxious to learn more, I replied, untruthfully, that I was.

He was obviously alarmed. The local branch of the Communist Party had broken the rules in accepting me, a civil servant, into its membership. Civil servants had their own organization, he said.

Next day a girl telephoned and asked me to have lunch. I knew her by repute as a prominent union organizer. We discussed the war and the Soviet Union; and I knew I was being vetted.

She made an appointment for me with a third person, for a few days later. A quarter to seven on the National Gallery steps. I was to carry a magazine, the man to meet me would be carrying a "Russia Today" pamphlet. His dress was also described to me.

I disliked him on sight; freckled, with pale-blue eyes. He was too thin, too tightly drawn. His greeting was abrupt.

Hurrying by his side towards the Tube, holding my hat and trying to keep up with his long strides, I gathered we were going to his flat. He must have sensed a slight demur. "This is a serious business meeting," he said. "You can put all other ideas right out of your head." I was still feeling crushed when we arrived at Highgate.

His flat was dirty and furnished almost entirely with books. A cardboard hammer and sickle hung over the camp-bed in the corner of the room. He left me without a word and returned with two cups of tea.

Then the serious business began. He explained that the Communist Party in the Civil Service had a big and important job to do. The Civil Service was essentially Tory. Communists were immediately suspect.

Furthermore, public servants must have no politics and M.I.5 was always on the look-out. An openly organized Party would at once be banned. Therefore, our part of the movement was underground and strictest secrecy had to be observed. Each member, for security reasons, knew only those few in his or her particular "cell."

The aim of the Communist Party in the Civil Service was to create a compact body of absolutely loyal followers, small enough to remain under cover, but strong enough to capture the key posts in the trade unions and to be able to saturate the administration with well-tempered propaganda. House magazines and office journals had to be started or captured to spread the gospel.

A Comrade's Education

We must, he said, be good workers and do everything possible to win the respect of our fellow workers. We must work to become recognized as their natural leaders so that where we led they would follow.

A lot more of this, then a sharply fired question. Had I studied the *Communist Manifesto*? I hadn't.

"Your branch education, comrade, has been slack," he said. "Take this copy. Master Chapter One tonight. You'll be hearing about your first group meeting. It will be called a recorded music circle, and your group organizer will ring you about it. She will call herself simply Jean. That's all."

I let myself out and found my own way home. I was very worried. Surely my lie about previous membership of the Communist Party must come out soon? (In point of fact it never did: some comrade failed in his duty.)

A few days later "Jean" telephoned. I was given an address and told to bring a gramophone record.

Again I made my way to North London, this time to Hampstead. The flat was difficult to find; I was late. A stranger opened the door and scrutinized me closely. The gramophone record seemed to reassure her.

This flat was cleaner and more spacious than the other, but again there were books everywhere. The meeting was under way when I went in.

Someone from the Office

Of the twelve people present, I recognized only a trade union official whom I had already met, and one other. This other I was startled to find was one of my chiefs, a Staff Officer, looking just as awesome as he did in the office. He alone smiled at me, and I was grateful.

There were no proper introductions; my guide merely said: "A new comrade, to be called Martin." And that was that. It took me ages even to find out the Party (assumed) names of the others; the real names of most of them I never did learn.

The meeting did not mean much to me. It was not until later that I realized that there were many—probably fifty—such groups in the Civil Service, organized on precisely the same pattern as this one: and this pattern was almost identical with that discovered in Canada.

There were six basic posts in each group: any members above six doubled on one of the six jobs. "No. 1," the group leader, was the "political comrade." In our case this was a woman, who I am certain had joined the Civil Service for the specific purpose of organizing Communist Party "cells." Her job was to put over the Party line to us on every political issue of the day. She was in her thirties, energetic and fanatical.

But I soon discovered she wasn't too sure of herself, and I had some fun out of that. I'd spend the week thinking up a sticky political question, and ask it, innocently, like a genuine seeker after knowledge.

"We'll discuss that next week," she'd say—and I knew she wanted guidance from above. Catching my ironical glance, she'd reassert her authority at once by snapping at No. 3: "Have you put this question on the agenda for next week? Well, do it. That's your job."

And the answer would come all right, next week.

A Jealous, Bitter Type

"No. 2" was a much older man: I knew his type at once. A man who had entered after the first World War; without educational qualifications, jealous of those who had and bitter at lack of promotion.

In charge of recruitment and personnel, he kept lists of possible recruits to the Party. We all suggested names of possible sympathizers in our own offices. These had to be worked on by us, by dint of lending them the milder Party literature and by talking to them, until they

JOHN BULL **has checked the authenticity of this article. The writer's identity is disguised for obvious reasons**

were educated enough to be moved up into the "contact" class.

At this stage we arranged contacts with other Party members, at discussion groups, dramatic societies, debates—or even rambles—specially organized for the purpose. Gradually the sympathizer would find himself singled out and invited to a more exclusive discussion group at someone's flat.

By imperceptible degrees his education would proceed until finally the question was put. Didn't he feel he ought to belong to the Communist Party? The usual reply was that he would, except that he was not allowed to, being a civil servant.

This point at last reached, usually after months (sometimes after years), No. 2 would report that a sympathizer was ready for recruitment. His trustworthiness would be considered and reported on and his name passed up to the hierarchy for approval.

Presumably more inquiries were made higher up; anyway the decision one way or the other came back in a couple of weeks. We were always growing.

I have reason to remember one of my own recruits. We had lunch together once a week for about six months. I was able to report him as "promising." Later, as "coming along nicely."

Later still, I remember reporting him as fit: so good in fact, that I could argue against the Party Line with him, and he'd put me right back on it again.

Eventually I popped the question. Didn't he feel he ought to belong to the Communist Party? He stared. The point was, he said, didn't I feel *I* ought?

In the two minutes startled silence after this the whole six months flashed through my mind. All my little subterfuges. All my clever covering-up. And all to recruit someone who all the time thought he was recruiting *me*.

No. 3 of the group was a thin, nervous and very refined typist. In a constant state of nerves, she often imagined herself followed and that she was "suspected." We all had a real fear of M.I.5, but her's amounted to hysteria.

Always Varied Time and Place

As "No. 3" she organized our weekly meetings—each week in a different flat or public hall—and passed the word to each member of place and time. We didn't even meet on the same day two weeks running.

She was given a very minor job on the trade union branch—assistant social secretary or something of that sort—which gave her an excuse to ring us up.

She managed to find a different name for our meeting each week. Sometimes the message would be: "The dance is at seven on Thursday" or "The lecture is at nine on Monday." Once she overdid it and left a message for me with a colleague. I was wanted at netball practice at six.

Unfortunately, this colleague was a netball fan and plagued me for days for more particulars. Couldn't she join? She'd played for her school. She'd hoped there was a Ministry team, but had never heard of it. She was *very keen*.

I solved this by starting a netball club as part of my trade union work and putting her in charge. I suppose the Ministry team still flourishes—and the members would be most surprised to hear of its beginning.

No. 4 was the trade union official whom I had recognized at my first meeting. Her job was to keep us abreast of union business. Before I myself had been in the Party many weeks I found the doors to union office, previously barred, now miraculously open to me.

But I found that apart from my weekly group meeting I now had to attend "faction" meetings which took place *before* every union meeting, and at which the Party members planned the campaign to be followed. The "faction" discussed every item coming up on the agenda. On important issues speeches were carefully planned, as were seemingly spontaneous seconding speeches.

Questions such as shorter working hours, equal pay for equal work, "workers' control" or affiliation of the Communist Party to the Labour Party might be coming up. We had our policy on each carefully formulated for us, and we had resolutions lined up ready and polished like ammunition and arms.

It is quite incredible how much a compactly organized inner group can achieve against a loose majority without leaders or a firm policy. We were the only ones prepared, and usually the chairman was one of us.

We paid into the Party funds, though we had no membership cards and no receipt for our money. My donation was fixed, for me, at two shillings a week. And this was collected by No. 5. He also purchased literature in bulk and resold to us. The buying of this was compulsory—as was the reading. No. 1 would frequently examine us on literature, and woe betide the member who had skipped the latest Ted Bramley offering.

No. 5, himself, was pathetic; an intellectual youth, extremely short sighted, a bit of a dreamer and quite out of place in our matter-of-fact gathering. He was the despair of No. 1. I think he was the only one of all of us to retain his mental independence.

His dreaming nearly got us into trouble. His chief in the Ministry was on a high-up official committee, and our No. 5 used to go along with him. (He was a bright lad, rated as one of the "coming men" in the Ministry, and this attendance was part of his training.) He expected the meeting to be a long one, and realized he'd have to go straight on afterwards to our group in the evening. So he had the latest Party literature with him, ready to dish out to us that night.

He was too ashamed to tell us exactly how it happened, but by some error these rabid Red pamphlets were solemnly distributed by a messenger to this august committee. There was a row afterwards about who was responsible, but No. 5 had the sense to keep his mouth shut.

The chairman was convinced it was a deep-dyed Communist plot, and probably thinks so to this day.

Chapter by Chapter Through Marx

"Education" was the job of No. 6. We went through all the standard Marxist works, painfully, chapter by chapter. We were given a portion of some work to prepare by next week. Perhaps it would be Lenin's *Left-Wing Communism* or *How to Change the Social Order*. We were taught how to apply what we learned to present-day events.

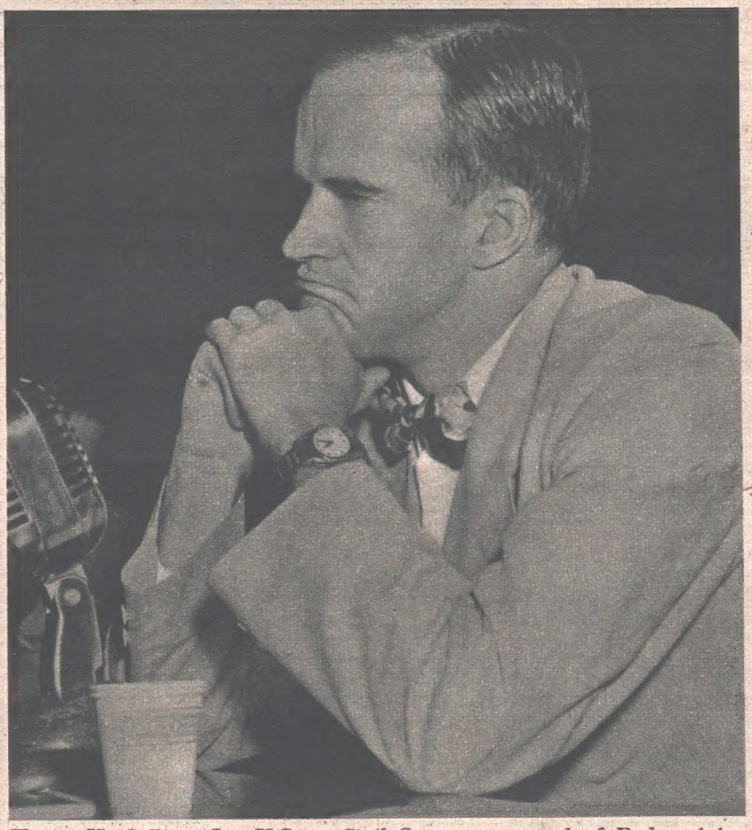
No. 6 had a responsible job; he had a curriculum and must somehow get us through it. The Staff Officer, who was one of my own chiefs, was our No. 6, and he knew his stuff.

Occasionally, in the office, at official Ministry meetings, I would catch his eye as he struggled to put the "Party Line" of the moment over on a committee of the most Tory of civil servants. He was clever, never saying too much. He was popular and considered an able man in the Ministry, though a bit "progressive."

In the group we were friends; we discussed our colleagues, the policies of our department chiefs and our official work. But in the office it was as though the group did not exist. We never discussed it, even when alone together.

That, then, was our group. Later I was to realize the full implications of becoming a group member—the hard work, the disillusions, the dangers.

NEXT WEEK: Our lives were an open book to the "Chief"



Henry H. Collins, Jr., U.S. ex-Civil Servant, accused of Red activity

In Britain, it's a security "purge" only. In U.S., probe men caused Hollywood stir—witness here is Robert Taylor—and now plan a nation-wide inquiry

STILL A FISH QUEUE—AT SEA

In the North Sea, eleven nations scramble for smaller and smaller catches. Unless they go easy and allow fish to breed, housewives, too, may be queueing again

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

Obsolete trawlers fishing overcrowded waters don't pay. We need modern vessels able to make longer voyages to richer grounds

THE HOUSEWIFE walks into the High Street fish shop and sees an abundance arrayed on marble slabs; pyramids of vermilion lobster and crab, ornately-draped skate garnished with parsley green and—more to the point and her pocket—heaped piles of cod fillets, plaice, sole and haddock.

For the fish shop in many parts of the country has recently been a surprise to behold. The queue—where did it go?—has been scattered by the plenty. They even offer to fillet the fish.

What the housewife doesn't know, is that all this won't last unless action is taken to put our fishing industry on a sounder footing.

Up and down the East Coast, from Lowestoft to Aberdeen, it is now calculated that supplies of fish arriving this year will be one half of the figures for 1947 and 1946. At Grimsby the season's catch last spring had declined by 45 per cent.

How has the threat of new difficulties come about?

The first cause is the "scraping" of the North Sea by the ten nations who fish it besides Britain, resulting in increasingly smaller catches. Second is the massacre of an enormous number of young North Sea fish before they have had a chance to breed. And third, Britain lacks sufficient modern trawlers with which to sweep beyond the fast-emptying narrow seas on longer voyages—but still at economic cost.

The consequences to our own fish harvests of ten other national fleets trawling the area of the North Sea are obvious. Even Russia has penetrated to those grounds in her quest for food—Russia, who was once one of Britain's best customers for herrings taking £1,500,000's worth a year.

But of first importance to the fishing industry are the fish themselves.

The indiscriminate nets of the North-Sea trawlers have, in the past two years, brought to the surface for certain massacre the young fish that would have been the big fish of tomorrow.

Sold for Manure

It needs three to five years for haddock, plaice and cod to mature. They cannot breed before they are two years old. The tragedy is that the smaller fish now being landed have not reached that age, and hundreds of thousands of these fish—the breeders of our future shoals—are either dumped back into the sea, dead, or sold for manure.

On the quayside buyers turn down fish under 11 in. in size because they know their customers won't want it. In one North-Sea port recently eight hundred tons of mixed varieties of fish were sold as manure because they did not reach the size required by the buyers.

Following considerable protest, new Ministry regulations now lay down that any fish as small as 10 in. is suitable for sale at the maximum price per stone.

This is only the British side to the story. The mass extinction of a life-giving industry is now under way between the Dogger Bank and the North Atlantic.

Yet this lesson of the North Sea has been learned before by a past generation—after the first World War. The fish had multiplied during the war years, and in 1920, 225,000 tons of white fish were landed by British trawlers alone. By 1938 that figure had dropped by 66 per cent to 75,000 tons.

During the recent war the breeding grounds were again restocked and the fish had an opportunity to multiply. But history is now repeating itself.

A Trawler De Luxe

The "scraping" of the North Sea turns attention on the new tasks that await our fishermen—the longer voyages to richer grounds and vessels equipped with enough storage space and equipment for handling larger hauls.

Recently the 1,300-ton *Fairfree* put to sea at Ardrossan, Ayrshire. She is a trawler *de luxe*, the prototype of the fleet Britain must now collect together. Equipped with quick-freezing apparatus and gear for cutting, cleaning, gutting and filleting fish in speedy catches, *Fairfree* is complete even to a conveyor belt that takes the treated fish direct to the refrigeration plant on board.

An ordinary modern trawler costs £80,000 today; prewar the cost was £28,000.

Instead of a fleet of *Fairfrees*, Britain has trawlers that are rapidly becoming obsolete, with more nuisance value than earning power. Old age, war damage and lack of proper replacement parts are reducing our home-waters fleet. It is reckoned that the "fall-off-duty" rate is one craft temporarily laid up every ten days.

It is ironic that the future of the industry should appear difficult at a time when the conditions among the men have never been better or more likely to produce record results.

During the interwar years the fisherman's living was both precarious and ill paid. Fishermen had no regular wage, but signed on as part owners of the vessel. The owner, after covering all his expenses, divided the remaining profit into twenty-three shares, taking fifteen for himself. The other eight went to the members of the crew, usually ten men.

Today the fisherman has a guaranteed wage, under an agreement made in April, 1947. The skipper and the mate receive a share of the profits, plus 30s. a day and 22s. 6d. a day while they are at sea. Other members of the crew, from deck hands to first engineer, get a regular weekly wage which varies from £5 to £5 17s. Their share of the profits varies from 20s. to 24s. on each £100-worth of fish caught.

As in the fruit and vegetable trades, the controlled prices are fixed by a committee composed mostly of men who are members of the executive side of the industry itself. The price they set is based on the theory that fish will be bought at the maximum price laid down by them at the quayside for sale of fish to the shore wholesalers.

At the quayside this price is 25s. 5d. a stone for sole, 13s. 10d. a stone for plaice and 4s. 9d. a stone for cod. The shore wholesaler pays a transport levy of 10d. a stone when he sells to the inland wholesaler, and the rest of the transport costs are paid for by the Ministry of Food.

The price the inland wholesaler pays for the same fish is 26s. 11d., 15s. 3d. and 6s. 2d. a stone respectively. The fishmonger buys at 27s. 6d., 15s. 10d. 6s. 9d. a stone. The housewife pays 2s. 3d. a pound for sole, 1s. 4½d. a pound for plaice, and 8½d. a pound for cod.

Thus the nominal profit on a stone of sole is 8d. for the shore wholesaler, 7d. for the inland wholesaler and 4s. for the fishmonger.

On the face of it, the wholesaler's profit calculated on just one stone of fish doesn't appear to be great. But an average of 21,000 tons of fish a week was landed at our ports during 1947, and at either 7d. or 8d. a stone, the wholesalers' profit represents a tidy income.

That income spirals upwards when, as frequently happens, a glut of fish is disposed of at a price lower than the maximum. At one port recently, agents with a glut on their hands knew the Birmingham markets were willing to pay more than London, so they sold to Birmingham after getting the fish at reduced price.

Nevertheless, a good deal of the exploitation and profiteering which went on during the war has been removed, though loopholes still exist.

Smaller Nets or Smaller Fleets?

No—it is not the middleman, nor the fisherman, nor the housewives who are the main critical factor in Britain's fish industry. It is the fish—the vanishing fish.

What more can be done to safeguard the sea harvests of future seasons and to bridge the interval of threatened shortage?

Decisions taken two years ago at an international conference on overfishing, held in London, have been incorporated in the White Fish and Herring Industry Act which received the Royal Assent last month. At this conference, the eleven nations who fish the North Sea—Britain, Belgium, Denmark, France, Eire, Sweden, Norway, Poland, Iceland, Spain and Portugal—agreed that something had to be done to prevent stocks of fish falling to a dangerous level, but could not agree on a method.

The Scandinavian countries were in favour of increasing the size of fishing net meshes so that smaller fish might more easily slip through. Others were for limiting the size of the fishing fleets.

Britain decided to limit the size of its fishing fleet, and this decision has now been approved by the White Fish and Herring Industry Act.

Ten Fish from Five Million Eggs

It is probable, too, that the British Government will explore the possibilities of restocking the blighted banks of the North Sea bed by means of artificial fish culture. This will assist the prolific cod, whose five million eggs rarely produce more than ten mature fish under ordinary conditions.

More must still be done within our own industry. A real programme of refitting our trawler plant—from renewal of equipment to replacement of actual craft—must be pushed through. Canning establishments and refrigeration plants must be extended and brought up to date where necessary.

Other things call for attention. Distribution should be centralized so that nobody can make unfair profits at any stage of marketing. The present inflated prices of gear and equipment should be studied carefully by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. It should be an offence for wholesalers to sell fish only fitted for manure to fish fryers.

Most of all we must get agreement on a top limit for the tonnage allowed to fish in the North Sea. That's the key to the future, and with a tightening up in distributive channels we could make here at least a start in reorganizing the British fish industry at a time when the warning sign appears across the sky.

We realized there wasn't a hope. The Bull showed he knew what the odds were, too

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

THE FIRST TIME I ever saw Bull Bellamy, he was raising the roof in the Forces Canteen at Paddington Station. It was about half-past ten at night. I was on my way to Devonport to join a minesweeper, the *Gleaner*, and I dropped in at the canteen for a cup of tea before catching the half-past eleven train.

The Luftwaffe was taking a real hearty smack at London that evening. It was the docks that got it worst. The Nazis declared the bazaar open about nine, and by the time I got to Paddington they were chucking 'em down thick and fast. I remember that as I walked across the station the boards shook under my feet, although the party was being held three or four miles or more away.

The station was crowded. It was a quiet crowd, though. Everybody seemed to be going around on tiptoe, and no one was doing much talking. I bet that, like me, they were all too busy wondering whether the Germans meant to take a crack at rail transport, too, before they packed up.

To tell the exact truth, I heard Bull, or at any rate the row he was making, before ever I set eyes on him, because as I marched up to the canteen door a queer noise came from inside.

It started off as a sort of wail, high and shrill. Then it seemed to get suddenly breathless, and all at once it ended in a grunt.

I went in. The place looked pretty much the same as those places always did. I couldn't see anybody murdering anybody else. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, and there was the usual smell of stale food. A fair number of half-dead heroes were flopping about at the tables.

Then I saw over on the other side, against the wall, a little group of sailors, crowded around a couple of tables pushed together. And sitting on the window-sill above them was the biggest bloke I've ever seen, or ever expect to.

This was Bull Bellamy, and never was any man given a better handle to his name. He was a seaman, and some seamen are pretty tough, but I've never seen one anything like his equal. He must have weighed nigh on twenty stone, and none of it was fat. I'm telling you, he was a giant. And he had flaming red hair, and a flaming red beard.

IT was then that I saw what had made the noise, for in his ham hands Bull had a concertina—and I mean a concertina, a genuine, old-fashioned messdeck orchestra, not one of those mother-of-pearl-and-chromium-plated affairs the side-whiskered boys play in the dance bands.

It looked pretty shabby and battered, and no wonder. Later, when I saw what it had to put up with, I was surprised it survived at all.

And as a matter of fact, just as I noticed the thing, Bull stretched it out as though he was tearing it in half, and out came that wail again.

It seemed a sort of signal to the group at the tables below, for the next moment they were off, shouting the odds about Sweet Hortense, with Bull *poomp-poomping* merrily away. Then it was "Salome," and after that "Betty, the Girl With the Bottom of Brass." And so on.

In the middle of "Betty" I walked over and joined in. I've always been partial to a bit of a singsong. To my way of

BLOW OUT, YOU BUGLES

by JOHN DAVIES

On the face of it, no two shipmates could be in greater contrast than bluff, beefy Bull Bellamy and that skinny misfit, the Poet

thinking there's nothing like it when things aren't too rosy.

As soon as I opened my big mouth, Bull looked at me and winked, and then and there I knew he was the sort of bloke I'd be glad to ship with.

So it went on, for half an hour or more, with all of us shouting ourselves silly there in the old canteen. And before long the Nasties were making a lot more noise, too, for they did what we'd half expected—shifted their attention up our way. There were some biggish thumps outside, and every now and then the windows rattled. But whenever a big bang came, Bull just *poomp-poomped* a bit harder and we bellowed a bit louder.

It must have been about eleven when the Poet—that's what we always called him later in the *Gleaner*—came in. He was an oddity if you like! Mind you, I know that during the war some queer articles got themselves put into sailors' uniforms, but the old Poet was about the queerest I ever saw.

He was tall and skinny, with a big head and a long, thin neck. He had a sad-looking face, like a sheep's. His jumper was too big and his bell-bottoms too short, and he was wearing them as though he'd got them on for the first time.

He came over with a cup in one hand and a sandwich in the other, and stood watching us with a sawny sort of grin. He didn't join in. He just stood there.

Well, soon after that we had to pack up, to catch the train. We had more or less forgotten the raid. And then, as soon as the singing stopped, I found out that the others were on draft to the same ship. Yes, Bull was joining the *Gleaner*, the same as I was, and so were the other five of our male-voice choir. And the Poet piped up that he was, too. So there we were. Eight of us in all.

By this time those of us who'd been singing were feeling pretty companionable, so we decided to stick together. The Poet tagged along, too. We found an empty carriage and piled in. Then we talked a bit, all of us, that is, except the Poet, who stuck his long, skinny nose in a book.

The train started, and soon the other blokes began to drop off to sleep one by one.

No one said anything for some time. The Poet was sitting in one corner. Bull was opposite him. At first I thought Bull was asleep, but suddenly he said:

"What're you reading, chum?"

The Poet looked up, a bit startled, as though he'd been a long way away. Then, without saying anything, he held out the book. I could see it was poetry.

Bull took the book, looked at it a minute, and then began to turn over the pages as though he knew what he was looking for, and, what's more, had a pretty good idea where to find it. It was funny how he seemed to know that book.

Anyway, he found what he wanted, and then he passed the book back, with one of his marline-spike fingers pointing out some bit or other. The Poet looked at the bit. Then he looked at Bull.

And at that moment something clicked between those two. I don't know why, but it did.

Well, I'm not going to feed you up to the back teeth with a lot of guff about the old *Gleaner*. She was a minesweeper, and she swept mines. She stayed in home waters. Sometimes she got bombed, sometimes machine gunned, and now and then a mine blew up in the sweep. Routine.

We jogged along. We were a fairly snug little ship's company on the whole, and we were together a long time. During that time a lot of friendships were made aboard, real, deep friendships of the sort you get between men serving in a small ship. But nothing could touch the friendship that grew up between Bull and the Poet.

I don't rightly know even now what they had in common, but it was something pretty terrific. Maybe it was partly because they were both different from the rest of us. Because they *were* different. You'd only to look at the Poet to see that he was a misfit, and you certainly didn't have to listen to him for long before you realized he was a bit touched up top. Still, we soon got used to his habit of spouting poetry by the yard, and we grew to like the old so-and-so well enough, even if he never did really get to know one end of the ship from the other.

And Bull. He *was* the best seaman I ever met. But he was a lot more than that, though we didn't know that. He was a mystery. The rest of us never knew anything to speak of about him, except that he was worth ten men in that ship or any other. He had a heart as big and as brave as his body, and he didn't give a hoot for anything or anyone. He used to laugh a lot, if you can call the rumbling, roaring racket that came out of him a laugh.

The worse things got the more he laughed, until he had us laughing, too.

And as long as I live I shall never forget the sound of his old squeezebox wheezing away on the lower messdeck. Sometimes I wish I could.

But to get on with it. As I've said, Bull and the Poet were as thick as thieves right from the word go. When the *Gleaner* was in harbour they always went ashore together. Aboard, they spent most of their off-watch time in each other's company.

The Poet was billeted with me up on the main seamen's messdeck, and Bull was in the smaller mess below. Every evening when they weren't on watch the Poet used to go down through the hatch and join Bull. They would sit on the lockers down there for hours, just talking.

It didn't mean much to us when the war ended, because when they'd blown the whistles, hung the flags out, and danced round the old bonfires, *we'd* still got plenty on our plate. After all, you can't expect mines to know whether a war's over or not.

The end really came for us up in Scotland. We'd been sweeping out beyond Bass Rock and were coming back into Leith. It was stinking weather. A big, lolloping sea had been chucking us all over the place all day. But by the evening we were almost back in the Forth and things had eased off a lot. A couple of hours and we would be snug alongside.

Ten o'clock. Our mess was quiet. Most of the hands off watch had turned in to get a bit of shut-eye before going on at midnight. I was in my hammock myself, half asleep.

Down below in Bull's mess they were having a little singsong. They'd closed the hatch between our deck and theirs as they always did when they had a late squeezebox session, so that they wouldn't disturb us too much.

With the hatch shut you couldn't make out much of what was going on, but I remember hearing the Poet's voice squawking out the solo part of "Bell-bottom Trousers" and thinking that since he'd joined the *Gleaner* he'd learned a good deal of poetry that wasn't exactly high class.

Then it came. The *Gleaner*, after sweeping mines for years without getting herself into any trouble worth speaking of, had to choose that moment to go and hit a loose one. It caught us on the port side, about fifteen feet from the bows. There was a terrific explosion, and before I knew what was happening I found myself out of my hammock and lying flat on my back on the mess table underneath.

Pitch darkness. The lights had gone. And I could tell by the slope of the table-top that the old tub was already down by the head. I hopped off pretty quick, I can tell you, and beat it for the starboard alleyway. A lot of others had the same idea. We stumbled and cursed and collided with each other in the darkness.

Then there came another sound—a sound of hammering and shouting. And it came from down below.

I know every man-jack of us on the upper messdeck stopped dead when we heard that. I stood daft-like in the starboard doorway. Then I remembered the emergency lamp over the breadlocker. I groped for it and switched it on. By its dim light I could see the others standing stock still. Then someone shouted:

"Down below! They can't get out!"

We rushed to the hatch. As I've said, the blokes below always closed it before they started their singing. But they never secured it. They just dropped it shut. It was secured all right now, though. It was jammed as solid as if it was part of the deck. We couldn't budge it.

"Hey! Give us a hand here!"

The shout came from forrard, from the little, circular escape-hatch at the other end of the mess. The hatch was open, and Dusty Miller's head was sticking up through it.

A bunch of us dashed to it. I got hold of Dusty and pulled him out, by his hair mostly. He shouted blue murder as he came. Then I calmed down a bit, and so did the others, and we started to get the rest of the blokes up from below a bit more sensibly.

We'd got two of them out when Lieutenant Watson and the Buffer arrived at the rush. When Watson saw how things were he sent a hand off double-quick to inform the Old Man, and then took charge.

From the mess below there was a wire-rope ladder up to the escape hatch. The hands down there swarmed up this, got their arms over the hatch coaming, and then we hauled them out. We had to be pretty nippy. There wasn't much time. Each of them coming up reported more water below. By the time we'd got half of them out there was five feet or more down there. And we could feel the ship getting more sluggish every minute.

We got ten men out. Tanky Smith was the tenth. Then there was no one else on the ladder.

"Any more?" Watson snapped at Tanky.

"Two, sir—Bellamy and Travers."

Bull and the Poet. What the devil were they doing down there? I stuck my head down through the hatch and shouted:

"Below, there! What's the matter?"

Bull's voice roared from the darkness:

"Coming right up!"

I couldn't see anything, but I heard the water slapping to and fro. Then there was a sudden splashing, and a funny sort of cry cut off short in the middle. Then a grunting. The ladder tautened. Someone was coming up.

I drew back, and the next moment the Poet's head shot up through the hatch. It was flopped over on to one shoulder. His mouth was wide open, and there was blood coming from it.

He was unconscious. Bull had carried him up the ladder. We grabbed him and pulled him out.

Just then the Old Man arrived. "Does it take a week to get these men out?" he bellowed.

"One man's been hurt, sir," Lieutenant Watson said.

"Have you got him out?"

"Yes."

"How many more below?"

"One, sir."

"Then get the damned fellow up!" the Old Man shouted.

"I'm afraid that's not possible, sir."

It wasn't Watson who spoke this time. The voice came, very quiet, from the hatch. We all turned and stared. Bull had got his head stuck up through the hole.

"Impossible? What the devil d'you mean?"

"The hatch isn't big enough, sir."

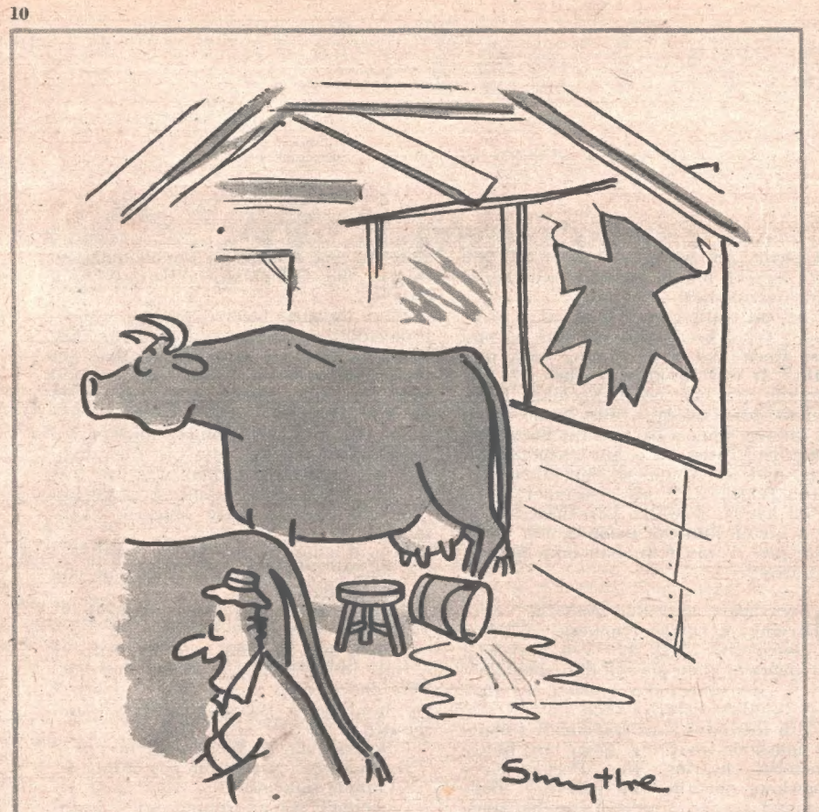
It was true all right. We saw straight away that there wasn't a hope of getting Bull through it. Tanky had only just made it, and though he was a big brute Bull was twice his size.

"I'm afraid I had to knock Travers out, sir," Bull went on quickly, but as calm as you like.

The Old Man didn't answer. He had suddenly gone as white as a sheet. And the next moment Bull showed that he knew what the odds were, too.

"Better get this hatch closed quick, sir," he said, and he sounded about as excited as if he was talking about the weather. "She'll need all the lift she can get. An airlock down here may make all the difference. Permission to carry on below, sir?"

If ever I felt sorry for anyone, I felt sorry for the Old Man just then. What a thing to have to make up your mind



"Are you getting the hang of it, Miss Plumstead?"

about! But it was the ship and the lives of everyone in her against one man's life. And the Old Man didn't hesitate, or didn't seem to. He nodded. At once Bull disappeared. The hatch clanged shut. We heard him securing it from below.

In a flash the Old Man had whipped round to the Buffer.

"Take half a dozen hands and get a tackle on the main hatch, and stand by!" he snapped.

Then, to a seaman:

"Get the Chief E.R.A. here double-quick, to stand by to burn this hatch out!"

And to Lieutenant Watson:

"Take charge here, Watson. I'm going up. I'll try to put her on the beach."

The orders came out like so many rounds from a machine gun. Then the Old Man shot like greased lightning up to the bridge. Watson at once sent most of the hands who weren't wanted up to the upper deck to join the lot who were already sweating their guts out with the collision mat. He kept me and a couple of others with him below.

It was all done in a matter of seconds, and in not much more the Buffer and his party were back and had rigged a three-fold purchase on the main hatch. The Chief Tiffy and his lot rushed staggering in with their gear.

Then we stood by. That was the most terrible part. There wasn't anything else to do. The *Gleaner* was going slow ahead, and we felt like going down on our knees and praying that she'd make it.

Slow ahead. I don't know about the others, but I did everything I could not to think about old Bull shut in down there in the dark, with no one knew how many feet of water, and no idea what was going to happen.

Slow ahead. Lieutenant Watson told us we'd been close inshore when we struck, and that made us feel a bit better, but not much. We crept on. We knew the Old Man didn't dare drive her any harder. Already the deck under our feet was bulging with the strain, and there was a nasty hissing from both hatches.

Then, above that hissing, there came another sound—a cocky sort of squeal, ending in a grunt! Then a *poomp-poomping*, and, with it, Bull's voice roaring cheerfully up from below:

Come, cheer up, my lads!
'Tis to glory we steer. . . .

Nobody up top said a word. I know I couldn't. We just listened. And after "Heart of Oak" Bull played and sang the old favourites, one after the other, until at last he'd done what he'd always been able to do—got us to join in, too.

I knew Bull kept his squeezebox up on the ventilation trunking. I thought of him groping for it in the dark. As I sang, I felt glad as a fool that he'd found it.

SLOW ahead. Then all at once there was a gentle bump. For a few yards the old *Gleaner* seemed to drag herself forward. Then she stopped, her engines stopped. She kind of settled. But then she suddenly lurched over to starboard. As she did so, Bull broke off in the middle of "Seven Veils," and the old familiar squeal and grunt came instead. Then silence.

"Aground!" Watson shouted. At the same moment I hammered on the escape hatch and yelled:

"Bull! Open up! She's aground!"

Bull didn't open up.

Then we heard the Old Man bellowing from the starboard alleyway:

"All right! Get him out!"

The Buffer's party jumped to their tackle, heaving like mad. In the Chief Tiffy's lot the shield went down over the cutter's face. The jet spluttered.

The Buffer's crowd well nigh broke their backs on that tackle, but they couldn't shift the hatch. Up where we were the steel began to glow red under the jet. No one spoke. There wasn't a sound down below. I wanted to shout—to shout and ask Bull to tell us he was all right. But I didn't dare. I knew he was dead.

At the first cut through, the air came out with a rush. We watched the line of red creep round, quarter-circle, half, three-quarters——

Then—full circle. The hatch and its surround dropped hissing into black water. It only had to drop about an inch. There wasn't more air space than that.

We found Bull high up on the ladder, with his arms caught through the rungs. The old squeeze-box, which still had some air in it, was floating up from his left wrist.

He was dead all right.

Midnight. We were all jammed in the stoker's mess, waiting. The *Gleaner* had gone aground on the ebb. A tug was coming out from Henry Robb's at Leith to stand by. There wasn't anything more to be done that night.

It was stifling. We sat in singlets and trousers, a sweating, sullen mob.

The Poet was the only one who had any room to move. He was sitting over at the table, and everybody else had squeezed up for him, to leave him alone. It was the only thing we could do. He was half crazy. He sat there with his arms on the table and his head on his arms. Every now and then his skinny shoulders shook. No one said a word. The heart had gone out of us all.

After a bit the Poet lifted his head and stared loony-like around him. Then he started muttering to himself.

WE watched him. We didn't want to, but we couldn't help it. We watched him get more and more worked up, until all at once he jumped up, flung his arms out wide towards us, and shouted:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

We sat like stone.

He stared crazily at us, and then started muttering again. Then he got a bit calmer. He looked all round him, gave a great sigh, and then said, very quiet, but very clear:

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy. . . .

There was more of it, but this is the bit I remember. They are the exact words he spoke. I got them out of one of his books afterwards. Poetry it was, written by Rupert Brooke. I know those words by heart. I shan't ever forget them.

He stopped pretty soon, and stood by the table with a queer look on his face. It made you feel queer to see him.

Somebody came into the mess, but we didn't look round to see who it was. We still couldn't take our eyes off the old Poet. He was muttering again. He went on muttering for some time. Then he sort of shuddered, held out his arms to us again, and again he shouted, this time with a funny sort of gladness in his voice:

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

It was queer, but those words did something to you. They did to me, anyway, and they must have done to everybody else there, because this time the Poet got an answer. A kind of fierce, low sigh went up—a sound that made you shiver.

At that sound the Poet swayed on his feet. At first I thought he was going to pass out. But he didn't. Instead, he shut his eyes, and when he opened them again there was the same sort of gladness in them that there'd been in his voice.

He was looking over towards the door, still holding out his arms. Then they dropped slowly to his sides. He stiffened. And at once we realized he was standing to attention.

Every head in the mess turned, and we saw the Old Man standing in the doorway. Tears were pouring down the hard-bitten old so-and-so's face. For a moment we gaped at him like fools. Then we got up on our hind legs, respectful like.

What they say about

. . . GROWING OLD

No man ever knows what true happiness is until he has got a complete set of false teeth and has lost all interest in the opposite sex.—*Lord Rosebery.*

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.—*Marjorie Barstow.*

As we grow older we flatter ourselves we are abandoning our vices, whereas in truth it is our vices that are abandoning us. — *La Rochefoucauld.*

Denunciation of the young is a necessary part of the hygiene of older people; it greatly assists the circulation of the blood.—*Logan Pearsall Smith.*

Old age brings along with its ugliness the comfort that you will soon be out of it . . . out of debt, out of the blues, out of the next winter and the high prices.—*Emerson.*

. . . EDUCATION

Some minds are like trunks—packed tight with knowledge, no air and plenty of moths. — *Benjamin de Casseres.*

Education is an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.—*Aristotle.*

. . . educated during the holidays from Eton.—*Osbert Sitwell (self-description in "Who's Who").*

It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.—*George Eliot.*

One father is worth more than a hundred schoolteachers. — *George Herbert.*

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

There is nothing so stupid as the educated man, if you get off the thing he was educated in.—*Will Rogers.*

. . . FOOD and DRINK

Part of the secret of success in life is to eat what you like and let the food fight it out inside.—*Mark Twain.*

I have often regretted what I have eaten, but never what I have drunk. —*Bismarck.*

Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are. — *Brillat-Savarin.*

At the first cup, man drinks wine; at the second cup, wine drinks wine; at the third cup, wine drinks man.—*Japanese Proverb.*

Eating, when you stop to figure it out, is one of the more sacred things about life.—*Mae West.*

There are some sluggish men who are improved by drinking, as there are fruits that are not good till they are rotten.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Courts can't mend broken hearts

> What a pity it is that the threat of breach-of-promise proceedings may frighten a man into going through with a marriage which, he realizes, must end in breakdown. It cannot be in the public interest

by a Barrister-at-Law

DO BREACH-OF-PROMISE actions serve any useful purpose nowadays? One such action was recently tried by Mr. Justice Lewis and a jury at Birmingham Assizes. The plaintiff, a hospital nurse aged thirty-four, sued a twenty-five year old ex-R.A.F. man for damages.

Her evidence, which was accepted by the jury, showed that the two parties first met five years ago, when the defendant was only twenty.

They wrote a large number of letters to each other and in 1946, when he was demobilized, they went on a holiday together to Devonshire: on the last day of this holiday he proposed marriage and she accepted him. Whereupon intimacy took place and in due course a child was born.

In the meantime, however, the young man had fallen in love with somebody else and rejected the nurse's pleas to marry her. So she brought this action, and the jury eventually awarded her £250 damages.

Women Bring Most Actions

All breach-of-promise cases differ in their details, but they run true to certain forms.

For one thing, the plaintiff is nearly always a woman; though a member of either sex may sue, it is rare indeed for a man to brave the ridicule which is likely, even certain, to fall on him. No man in history, moreover, has enjoyed hearing his love-letters read out in court. Yet, when a woman sues, she too risks almost certain publicity: her weakness and her disappointment are proclaimed to the whole newspaper-reading world.

What is £250 to set against this publicity and the distasteful ordeal of the trial? On the other hand, that sum together with the costs of both sides may make up a large amount for a defendant to find.

In other words, while a successful suit for breach-of-promise brings precious little financial return to the aggrieved plaintiff, it can mean a crippling financial burden on a young defendant.

No wonder, then, that the judge asked the plaintiff in the Birmingham case: "Is your attitude towards this man that you are prepared to punish him?" (For one is entitled, if the law allows, to punish somebody who has done one a grave injury.)

But she would not agree that this was her attitude. "I just want my name cleared," she replied.

Her counsel, too, declared that her real purpose was to clear her name, because she lived in a small village "where people are apt to be very unkind in the things they say when a girl has an illegitimate child. She felt that something must be done about it—that her character needed vindication."

So Little to Gain

It is scarcely surprising that the judge could not wholly follow the logic of this.

There are a number of laws in modern England which are designed to protect people against themselves. It is possibly a pity that would-be plaintiffs in breach-of-promise actions cannot be restrained when they have so little to gain and so much to lose by going on.

It was different, of course, years ago when breach-of-promise suits were frequent and juries tended to award very considerable sums to a plaintiff by way of damages. Unlike other actions for breach of contract, where one can only claim to recover one's actual financial loss, "punitive" damages can be awarded in breach-of-promise suits—to compensate for wounded feelings and (especially where a child was born) for the disgrace attaching to an unmarried mother and for her diminished chances of marrying anybody else.

Mr. Justice Lewis. He could not follow the "logic" of a recent case

She is naturally entitled also to recover her direct financial loss, such as the cost of a trousseau she may have purchased or the loss of income from a job she has given up in expectation of her marriage.

A few generations ago all these considerations might be important. But are they so in our changed social conditions of today? Apparently juries do not think so, or they would continue to award the massive damages which our grandfathers thought reasonable.

"Wounded feelings," one may be sure, do not affect juries' minds much nowadays. The emancipation of women from Victorian social shackles has removed them from those cloistered paths in which they were likely to meet only one potential husband, if any, before they soured into old maids.

It is young men in present times who are more often jilted than young women.

I cannot pretend to estimate to what extent a slip in early life is likely nowadays to affect a woman's chance of marriage: few women, anyhow, are so tied to their homes that they cannot break with the past and enter new surroundings where they have at least as good a chance to make a happy marriage.

Outmoded Conventions

When there is a child, however, the problem is bound to be more difficult; though here again it is hard to guess to what extent a prospective husband is likely to be deterred.

It is true that the law, backward here as in many other of its branches, still takes these matters terribly seriously. The morals and conventions of the past peep out engagingly from under the skirts of the breach-of-promise procedure. For example, it is a sufficient defence to an action for breach-of-promise to prove that the plaintiff had lost her virginity (to somebody other than the defendant, of course) either before or after the promise of marriage was made.

There is a leading case, to be found in all the law books and still binding on the courts, which decided that a cruelly deceived plaintiff must lose her case because she had had a stillborn child ten years before, and though her behaviour had been impeccable ever since her single lapse.

Are we not swimming here in strange early Victorian waters?

And here is another odd relic of the past. If the woman suffers a grave physical infirmity after the promise of marriage, this may justify her betrothed in breaking off the engagement; *but* a still worse accident befalling himself will not excuse him from carrying out his promise, not even if it be proved (and I follow the legal language) "that the performance of conjugal duties would endanger his life."

What a commentary this is on the Victorians' attitude towards what they sometimes called the "marriage market"!

As the law stands, a man is still entitled to expect that the young woman he has "negotiated for" will arrive at the wedding sound in wind and limb, but if he, the purchaser, becomes ill or infirm, he cannot abjure his bargain. If the law in this respect is not an ass, it has certainly ceased to be wise.

Evils of "Forced Marriages"

There is another aspect of breach-of-promise which deserves to be considered. Today this country is suffering from a spate of divorces. Marriage after marriage is breaking up because the parties for one reason or another cannot endure to live together.

The fault may be divided or it may be wholly on one side, but in any event public opinion, followed at long last by Parliament, has decided that, if certain essential conditions are fulfilled, ill-mated couples may be sundered.

In case after case that comes before the courts every day, it is plain to everybody, from the judge to the usher, that the couple ought never to have married. So what a pity it is that the threat of breach-of-promise proceedings may frighten a man into going through with a marriage which, he realizes, can only end in breakdown!

This cannot be in his interest, or the girl's interest, or the public interest.

What of the girl? In the ordinary way she shrugs her shoulders and looks round for a worthier mate. But, it may be said, what if the fiancé had seduced her under promise of marriage? Most people will feel that she must accept part of the blame for this. Young women are not ignorant children nowadays.

And if there is a child? Well, every magistrate's court has to deal every week with cases where men are ordered to pay for the upkeep of such children—and there is no publicity given to these cases.

All broken engagements are likely to give pain to one side or the other, but there seems no reason why there should be expensive proceedings, extensive publicity and, at best, an inadequate financial sop at the end to the injured party.

The breach-of-promise action is as much out of date today as the billowing bustle and the lace-embroidered parasol. The sooner juries laugh it out of court, the better for everybody.

Flying with your feet on the

It's easy to loop-the-loop if you're one of Britain's many model aircraft fans. In back garden sheds they make gliders and jet-propelled planes that fly 100 m.p.h. —and win world trophies • *by John May*

MODEL AEROPLANES provide a mixture of engineering and sport which has "caught on" with many thousands of air-minded Britons. In June the Queen presented a cup at Langley Airfield in Buckinghamshire for a new contest. This week the interest has been international. Teams from all over the world have been meeting in America to compete for the Wakefield Cup.

It's the first postwar contest for that trophy, and Britain's main hope has been Bob Copland, whose models have a world-wide reputation.

Bob is a London Scot who set out to be an accountant, but after nine months had had enough and became apprenticed in engineering.

He graduated thence to Hawkers to satisfy his soul and make a living in the design department that brought forth Hurricanes, Typhoons, Furies.

Bob joined London's Northern Heights Model Flying Club in 1935. Now he's chairman. The club has 120 active members, a dozen of them women. Like sixty or seventy other London clubs, it does most of its flying on Sundays at Fairlop Aerodrome, near Ilford, Essex, where large crowds gather to watch.

Cups, medals, plaques and trophies are all over the Copland home in Regent's Park. But aeromodellers are shy of "line-shooting" and Bob will say little about them.

Copland machines fly anonymous, unburdened by fancy names. Only his petrol-driven types carry an identifying mark—"B.C."

Aces in the aeromodelling world sometimes capitalize their skill and knowledge by going into the commercial side of the sport.

In Britain the industry which supplies engines, "props," kits and bits has achieved a turnover of half a million. As yet there is no sign of a limit.

Flew in the Albert Hall

Bob prefers to keep his amateur status. Otherwise he might, I imagine, make a "good thing" of such a machine as the rubber-motored (twisted elastic) lightweight which won him the indoor record for duration of free flight.

It looks like a large mechanized butterfly. Its iridescent wings are covered with what aeromodellers call "microfilm" (nothing to do with the cinema), made by pouring cellulose dope on water and lifting off the infinitesimally thin skin when it solidifies.

With an eighteen-inch propeller that turns slightly faster than once a second, and a wingspan of thirty inches, this ghost of an aircraft weighs *only one-tenth of an ounce*. It won the record by fanning its way round inside the Albert Hall for eighteen minutes fifty-two seconds.

Bob's private aircraft "factory" in the front room in Rothwell Street has fallen down badly only once—when his dog Terry chewed up six months of painstaking work on a model helicopter. "But you've got to specialize nowadays if you're going to get anywhere," he says.

There are two main branches of the hobby. One group builds working replicas of man-size planes, if necessary sacrificing performance to achieve scale effect, usually at the expense of duration of flight rather than speed. The other group is contest-minded and seeks continually after high performance in flight duration, speed or control. A third offshoot concentrates on model gliders.

During the war much attention was paid to highly accurate solid replicas to assist in aircraft identification.

Models Went Up Before Man

The value of aeromodelling to the aircraft industry is that it provides youngsters with a practical grounding in aeronautics, and impresses on them the imperative need for weight saving—just as essential in large planes as in models.

When people call their craft "toys," which in a way they are, aeromodellers reply touchily: "They're aeroplanes in their own right." They point out that some of the latest rip through the air at more than 100 m.p.h. and that the earliest flew successfully years before man-carrying flying machines managed to lumber off the ground.

Certainly the aircraft industry was largely based on the early efforts of its leaders in the model field. Frank Whittle, the jet inventor, was himself a youthful model enthusiast.

Besides the "rubber motor," modern aeromodellers use petrol engines weighing from three ounces and costing £5 upwards, and diesels (really compression-ignition engines) of similar size. Both have an ear-tearing exhaust "crack." The latest thing is "hot spot" ignition in a type of engine claimed to develop twenty-four thousand revolutions per minute.

A few enthusiasts build their own doodle-bug type engines and other variations of jet and rocket propulsion.

Many of these "toys" can become lethal if not handled properly. And damage to property is a possibility. So internal combustion engined machines are always insured against third-party risks. It is standard practice also to put your name and address on the fuselage and to note the engine number. "We have to keep an eye open for spivs who break engines off our models, pocket them and later flog 'em."

The trend today in Britain is all towards bringing the aircraft to land when desired. This guards against both loss and third-party danger. The method is either radio—"but you have to hold an amateur broadcasting licence"—or a timing device. Some use clockwork (to switch off the engine), others a fuse and parachute.

Eighty-year-old "Pilots"

From ten to thirty miles an hour is a normal speed for a free-flight model plane. "Control line" flights reach 150 m.p.h. With a pair of wires running from the hand to controls on the plane in the air, an owner can make his circling craft perform aerobatics.

The control line on aeromodelling organization in Britain is in the hands of the Society of Model Aeronautical Engineers, with offices in Londonderry House, London, W.1. Between three and four hundred clubs are affiliated to the society, with an average of probably fifty members each. There are many clubs not yet affiliated and thousands of lone fliers. Ages are from eight to nearly eighty.

Run by representatives from the associated clubs, the society organizes contests on aerodromes and in halls all over the country. The society is responsible also for the Wakefield Trophy international contests.

Presented twenty years ago to foster model aircraft construction, Viscount Wakefield's trophy has become the "blue riband" of international aeromodelling. It has been won five times by Britain, five times by the U.S.A., and once by France. The cup was competed for annually until 1939. The rule is that it stays in the country of the winner, and challengers go there to compete for it.

In fourteen years, Bob Copland has travelled to Jugoslavia, Germany, France, Ireland, the U.S.A. and all over Britain to model contests. He has carried off most trophies at some time or other. "The one cup I would like to win now," he admits, "is the Wakefield."

Many modellers consider that the Wakefield is the most exacting type of machine to build and fly successfully. It must be rubber motored, have a wing area of two hundred square inches, and a minimum weight of eight ounces. Every part of the machine must be built by the entrant, and it has to rise from the ground under its own power.

Although teams of six from each country compete, the win is an individual one. The entrant is not allowed to pick his moment for atmospheric conditions; each model has to fly when called upon by the timekeepers. Flights are timed from the point of launching until landing, or until the model passes out of sight.

The trophy goes to the "pilot" who aggregates the longest flying time in three consecutive flights.

The take-off is always dramatic. As it is released, each model moves, rises, soars away—as if on a fervid stream of prayer from the owner. Poise takes the air. Anxiety remains contorted on the ground.

Wood and Tissue Paper

Bob Copland's shoulder-wing Wakefield model has all the grace of a yacht. In flight it looks even more birdlike and beautiful.

He built it with exquisite precision, using the normal aeromodelling materials: Balsa wood (a featherweight timber) and Japanese tissue paper (which has a long one-direction fibre). The whole thing is toughened and waterproofed with cellulose dope. Its yard-long fuselage, accurately streamlined, is black; its forty-five inches of tapering wingspan finished in natural white. Black streamlined disc wheels, straddled widely, support it on spindly bamboo legs.

The eighteen-inch propeller is powered by twenty strands of strip rubber, each strand a quarter-inch wide by fifty inches long. It runs on a shirt-button size ball-race. In suitable weather, Bob fits a spring-loaded "prop" with variable pitch.

Castor oil or glycerine and soft soap lubricate the "motor." To wind it up, one man holds the model and another stretches the elastic until he is about fifteen feet away. Then, with a hand-drill which has a winding loop in its jaws instead of the normal bit, he starts putting on the necessary thousand turns.

It's a strenuous job. As the elastic contracts and the two men come closer, the call is "Hold on tight and mind your eye if anything breaks." A rubber motor

Ace modeller, Bob Copland, with his plane for the Wakefield Cup

ground !

of this kind can develop about a quarter of a horse-power.

The main snags in the open air are high winds in rough weather and fast-rising currents of hot air (the " thermals " beloved of glider pilots) when it is fine.

To guard precious models against accidents and loss due to freak weather, the British fashion is now to limit Wakefield flights to a five-minute maximum. In the belly of Bob's model is a small black silk parachute behind a trapdoor which opens at a moment controlled by a slow-burning string fuse. Like the safety parachute used to bring a fullsize plane out of a spin when being tested, this parachute is attached to the tail. Instead of being discarded, it floats the model down immediately, almost vertically but safe.

When the Propeller Stops

Apart from this " anti-thermalizer," the Copland Wakefield model is stable in the air under all conditions. If it gets into any attitude which is wrong for a respectable aeroplane, it simply rights itself again. In good weather, without thermals or parachute, when the propeller stops turning the plane glides demurely down to a perfect landing.

" There's a lot that some transport planes could learn from models like this," says Bob.

It was blowing a young gale on the last day of the British eliminating trials to choose our Wakefield team for this year. Many craft crashed and others were blown away out of the contest. Although it was circling, Bob's model went down wind so fast that he could not keep up with it by car, and it was temporarily lost at the end of its second flight. Thus he had the bad luck of losing his chance of a third flight.

But with two flights of good duration he nevertheless managed to reach third place in the final six who won their way into the British team from the hundreds who entered the trials.

The opposite kind of weather upset the Wakefield Cup final contest in the U.S.A. in 1939. Bob came fourth with three normal flights of about three-and-a-half minutes each. But a freak hot-air current kept an American plane in the air for nearly three-quarters of an hour on its first flight. This broke the half-hour world record put up by Bob in 1938 when he helped Britain to win the King Peter Cup in Jugoslavia.

Previously, in 1936, he came third in the Wakefield contest, also in America. " That year I had a season when everything went right." His most exciting flight in the States was when his model was blown into the Negro section of a nearby town. The coloured citizen who collared it off a roof held the model to ransom until Bob could convert some of his English money into dollars.

One thing might have blocked the British team in its attempt to bring the Wakefield Trophy home to Britain this year: the difficulty of getting to the U.S.A. in the first place. Officialdom might have grudged dollars to pay for the trip. If the team had not been allowed to travel they would have sent the models to be flown by proxy.

" An unsatisfactory arrangement," Bob Copland explained to me, " because fifty per cent of performance is sheer knowledge of the finer points of flying procedure with an individual craft."

This was his third attempt at winning the Wakefield, however, and his hopes were high.

FREE SPEECH

No place in postwar Britain for experienced business men, says an over-forty-five reader. A teen-ager writes on marriage

IS THERE A CONSPIRACY of silence about the growing number of unemployed? I do not mean those who only waste a week or two in changing jobs, but those who have been out of useful work for months and years.

I am one of them. The official at my appointments office admits that he has *thousands* of such men on his books—business men and administrators, who before the war held responsible managerial jobs, knew the ways of the world and went out and got orders.

Now, we are no longer wanted, especially those of us over forty-five. Our years of experience are counted as nothing.

I was in the Civil Service for ten years, a successful business man for fourteen years, was in the Army for four years in the first World War, a naval officer in the second.

I've got a job now—I work for a well-known engineering firm, filling in cards, running errands, and taking round tea for the clerks!—J. W. M., Stockport. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Make Girls Learn

Miss Sheila Hutchins

WHY ARE such a large proportion of marriages failures? As a teen-ager, I've thought about it and have come to the conclusion that if all girls, at seventeen or eighteen, were "called up" to attend evening classes for domestic science they'd stand a better chance of making good wives.

Men do not like coming home after a hard day's work to find a burnt, unappetizing meal awaiting them while their wives are frittering away their time at the local cinema. — MISS SHEILA HUTCHINS, 23 Beechwood Gardens, Slough, Bucks.

Beauty Spot

SOME TIME AGO I asked my doctor if he could remove a spot on the tip of my nose. He prescribed various things and told me that if there was no result he would "freeze" it off. Well, there *was* no result, so I went back—after July 5. I was most amused when he said, "Oh, I should leave it. It's rather attractive." —MISS K., Bournemouth. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Dangerous Bottles

WASHING SOLUTIONS which contain strong chemicals are sold in attractive bottles exactly like those for cordials and squashes.

This is a grave danger to children (and even careless adults!) who may drink the liquid first and read the label afterwards.

Bottles used for bleaches, etc., should always be kept for that purpose, and, like dangerous poisons, should be of a different, immediately identifiable colour and design.—G. T., Bournemouth. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Ordeal by Customs

DO CUSTOMS AUTHORITIES go out of their way to complicate the traveller's movements?

At Southampton recently on a very hot night, I was one of several hundreds of travellers herded together, luggage, children and all, who were made to follow a labyrinthine course through four rooms connected by five narrow doorways, just to have our passports examined.

This beginning to a holiday was enough to reduce even the most light-hearted to the mental state of a refugee. While passport and currency restrictions may be necessary, I feel that some time-and-motion study might usefully be employed to discover the simplest way of organizing these formalities.—MISS HELEN COTTRELL, 12 Lyndhurst Drive, Romford, Essex.

Students Work Here, Too

STUDENTS ARE HAVING "paid holidays" doing jobs abroad that need doing in Britain, says Mrs. M. Hilton (JOHN BULL, August 7).

Quite true. But it might interest her to know that for every British student who has gone abroad this summer, a foreign student has come here to help with the harvest in one of the thirty-five camps run by the National Union of Students.

More than three thousand British undergraduates and one thousand foreign students are working on the land this summer, a record number, which means more than six hundred thousand man-hours of labour.

In addition, most students going abroad on holiday are also putting in two weeks of work here at home.—H. C. CREIGHTON, The National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

Arabs Afraid of Democracy

BEING IN TOUCH with several people in Egypt, I endorse Reginald Freeson's comments in his article, "Egypt Looks Two Ways" (JOHN BULL, August 7). But disturbances in that country are only the focal point of a growing upheaval throughout the Arab world.

Despite police control, anti-royalist feeling in Egypt is widespread. Anti-Semitism is used by the ruling classes to canalize the growing discontent and stave off revolution.

The State of Israel, welcome or unwelcome, has come to stay; and, being essentially democratic, it will have great influence on the way of life of its Arab neighbours. This is what the Arab ruling classes fear, despite their hysterical battle-cries of "alien aggression." — REX HURBEN, London, N.W.2. (Full address enclosed.)

Why We Buy Rubbish

WHY, ASKS LOUIS STENNING (JOHN BULL, August 7), does Britain export good flannel cheaply and import inferior flannel at prohibitive prices?

The answer is that in bulk buying from foreign countries, besides taking the things we really want, we must sometimes take a quota of commodities the selling countries want to get rid of.

It's rather like the conditions of sale imposed by some greengrocers: buy potatoes or you won't get any tomatoes. —G. MANSBRIDGE, 119 Hewett Road, Dagenham, Essex.

"No Frying Tonight"

INQUIRING ONE EVENING at a nearby fish-and-chip shop why only chips were on sale, I was told there was no fish available —and yet there are at least thirty fishing villages within a five-mile radius.

The next night the shop was closed altogether. The reason? No potatoes—in a county that grows a large percentage of all the spuds eaten in Britain.

Funniest part of the whole thing is that the shop has never had an oil shortage. The frying oil is imported!—ARTHUR GROOM, Sea Home, Praa Sands, near Marazion, Cornwall.

Helps Them Grow Up

MISS MARJORIE BEARDSWORTH suggested (JOHN BULL, July 31) that the answer to future crime might be to give more "overall protection" to children's morals by banning radio and film crime stories.

My view is that by "protecting" children's minds from crime one is, in fact, hindering their development.

To develop fully, children should have this "background information" so that they may recognize by their own reasoning that crime is bad.—LESLIE FUNNELL, 53 St. Aubyn's Road, Fishersgate, Sussex.

What the Blind Dream About

CAN PEOPLE WHO'VE BEEN born blind dream, asks a reader (JOHN BULL, July 31). I have been blind from the age of three weeks but know a great deal about my sighted friends from their voices and often accurately describe them.

Our dreams, I would say, are much the same in regard to persons and things as those of people who can see.—EDWARD JOHNSON, 157 Sheffield Road, Stonegavels, Chesterfield.

New Face Dept.

I BELIEVE MY FACIAL features are among the ugliest in all Liverpool. At the age of thirty-five I can't find any man who will even look at me.

Beauty being, so we are told, only skin deep, I want to alter my features. But because I can't afford to have expensive operations it is my fate to go through life a plug-ugly. The new health scheme should provide plastic surgery for people in my position.—NO BEAUTY, Liverpool. (Full name and address enclosed.)

This Papper Shortage!

K. Rudkin

WHEN PAPPER is so short, and every newspapper we read tells us to save papper do you not think that school masters schould do their bit by stopping lines and impositions untill the papper shortage is over?—K. RUDKIN (Schoolboy), 56 Princes Road, Hull.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

UNCLE ANDY OBLIGES

THE "UNCLE ANDY" STRIP is most intriguing. Each week, I look for the signature of the artist, but so far I haven't seen one. I feel sure it's Clixby Watson. Am I right?

Clixby's (excuse the familiarity) pageboy blondes and luxurious redheads with their retroussé noses are a joy to behold, and I like to think that one day my three little girls (Janice and Diana, twins aged three, and Karen, a six-year-old blonde) will be as glamorous as Clixby's beautiful maidens.—MRS. ROSE BUTLER, 44 Nelson Road, Wotton, Birmingham, 6.

Janice, Karen, Diana, now . . .

. . . and as Clixby Watson (yes, he's "Uncle Andy") foresees them

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

This season may see a switch-over to all-out attack in soccer and the decline of the "stopper" centre-half

Tommy Lawton (left) beats defence, but he's no longer sole spearhead

Brighter Soccer is on the way

by JOHN ARLOTT

THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE about the first home match of every football team in England which is never repeated during the season. It is connected with the close-season activities of the club, with the development of the younger players and, in the spectator's mind, with the thin crop of grass summer has spread over the terraces and which the excited shuffle of the crowd's feet will soon wear away.

Every soccer spectator's first interest is his own club's progress, but in 1948-49 he may see big developments in English soccer as a whole.

Between the wars, the spectator saw the game change entirely. After the new offside rule, centre-forwards ceased to lead their lines and became opportunists, waiting, bare inches onside, for the chance of goals.

The only answer to the "new" centre-forward was the "stopper" centre-half, perfected by Arsenal with Roberts, Joy and Leslie Compton. Football moved over to the defensive and stayed that way until the war stopped the major competitions in 1939.

At the resumption in 1946, Arsenal was comfortably established at the head of affairs, its success based on this concentration on defence. It had a "stopper" centre-half in Leslie Compton and, according to plan, two energetic wing-halves and two foraging inside-forwards, with the centre-forward and wingmen capable of scoring goals by breakaways.

Remember that Arsenal at its best depended on two of the finest inside forwards in the game—Alex James and David Jack—to make openings, and on individualist goal-scorers at centre-forward and on the wings.

The Arsenal defensive method succeeds for Arsenal because the club has sufficient money to buy the best men to continue it. But with the Arsenal scheme in general use, can a *generally* high standard be maintained? The Arsenal method played by players short of international standard is not good football. The dullness of the Charlton-Burnley Cup Final in 1946-47—surely the poorest "great" fixture ever played—bears that out.

The need for some change in soccer method is proved by the fact that in the season of 1947-48 no player in English League football scored more than thirty-three goals. The record for a season is sixty. The need is for more goals and the defeat of the "stopper" centre-half.

There have been signs that he will in fact be defeated. The English international eleven, Manchester United, and Tottenham Hotspur have already successfully set a new fashion—all-out attack.

Now, the strategy which created the "stopper" was the "W" formation, with the centre-forward as the middle point. At the moment the English international team is the most successful eleven in Europe—and the English forward system is not the "W."

New-style Lawton

Tom Lawton, at centre-forward, is no longer the isolated spearhead he once was but, compensating for loss of youth and speed by brilliant headwork and generalship, he makes opportunities for his fellow forwards. On the right wing Stanley Matthews, the greatest forward in the game, is now less and less an advance point of a "W" but tends to work behind the other forwards.

Mortensen, the operative factor of the plan, plays at inside-right—but he is frequently in front of both his centre-forward and his winger.

So we frequently see the England forward line with the centre-forward and the right wing playing in "M" formation and the left-wing playing as one stroke of a "W."

When this happens the "stopper" centre-half must either follow Lawton upfield or hang back near his own goal, which allows Lawton room to "work" the ball. When Lawton goes back he can, with his brilliant heading, divert the ball to the side of the centre-half for the inside forward — usually Mortensen — to go through and score.

On the other hand, when Matthews, on the wing, works behind the rest of the forward line, Lawton goes ahead with Mortensen.

Then Matthews has, in effect, two centre-forwards to feed — and the "stopper" has two forwards to check.

Parallel with the English side's method is that of Blackpool, for whom both Matthews and Mortensen play. In the Blackpool team, however, the method is unlikely to bear full fruit because of the lopsidedness of the eleven —the right-wing triangle is so much stronger than any other department of the team.

Newcastle United, too, have in Milburn a player of the Mortensen calibre who may exploit and further popularize this plan of the attacking inside forward.

Stylist Full-backs

One other development in the English international side which may have wide repercussions in League football is the possible replacement of Hardwick and Scott by such stylist full-backs as Ramsay of Southampton and Lock of Charlton. If this happens, we may expect a general reversion to the classic full-back play in the manner of Clay of the Spurs, Warney Cresswell and Blenkinsopp.

In 1947-48 Manchester United won the F.A. Cup and was runner-up in the First Division—and we have probably not yet seen the best of it. The Manchester United team was planned by the Scottish international wing-half, Matt Busby. His team may yet show itself to be one of the greatest football has ever known, but its methods cannot easily be copied, for every member of the side is a superb ball player and the team has perfect balance.

Here is a side capable of proving that attack is the best method of defence. It is possible that its success may lead other teams containing some brilliant forwards to go all out in attack. Leicester City, managed by another former Scottish international, John Duncan, show signs of developing along these lines.

There is no doubt that a side which does this and scores goals will attract crowds. Crowds want the thrill of goals. Crowds mean money—and money makes a successful club.

There is a foreign influence at work, too—that of the Moscow Dynamos. It is reflected in the present Tottenham Hotspur side. Football managers are always interested in new ideas. Any match played here by a foreign team is attended by a number of league team managers.

Joe Hulme, the former Arsenal star and now manager of Tottenham Hotspur, saw the Moscow Dynamos play here and has modelled the present Spurs scheme on their methods.

Make Gap in Defence

The Dynamos' method is the use of the quick burst by an unmarked player or the fast switch from player to player to open a gap in the opposing defence. Then the ball is pushed into the gap with the certainty that at least one attacker is moving fast into the gap before the ball had even started on its way there.

This plan calls for great speed, careful planning and intelligent variation of play.

A change is certainly taking place in soccer—because there is a demand for it. In first-class football the spectators call the tune. Next to wanting their own team to win, spectators most desire goals and handsome football. The Arsenal defensive plan restricts goalscoring and, unless carried out by great players, it makes for dull, grim football.

I believe 1948-49 will see the beginning of the decline of the "W" formation and the slavishly defensive centre-half.

Whatever the precise form it takes—whether it is based on the Mortensen, Manchester United or Moscow Dynamos model, or on a combination of all three —it is a safe bet that the day of great attacking football is coming again, and football will be the better for it.

"... And unless our wage demands are met, we shall be obliged to go back to work on Saturday afternoons"

WITH MY FEET UP

Not Cricket

A NEW YORK NEWSPAPER has suggested that America should take up cricket and has published a number of letters from readers on the subject. One reader says: "Cricket is a much more difficult game than is generally supposed."

Isn't that nice? I always thought it was easy.

Not that I am any judge. To tell you the truth, my only memorable cricket experience goes back to my schooldays when I was put in a team because there was no one else, owing to an epidemic of pink eye. I scored one (on a bye) and then, when it was my side's turn to field, I was made back-stopper and stayed there until the end of the game. Anyway, I got the team tea.

* * *

If the Yanks take up cricket, I've no doubt they will improve on the game. They may introduce a ball like a golf ball which will travel twice as far. The umpire will give place to a sort of photo-finish camera with six hats on top of it. The scoreboards will carry the numbers in neon lights.

Most of all when America gets cricket conscious, I shall look forward to hearing a broadcast commentary on a match. I imagine it will go something like this:

"Well, folks, this cricket game is hotting up real nice just now. Art ('Crease Cracker') Weisenbasher is batting and, boy, can he tickle that pill. Now Johnny ('Bullet Slinger') Nordenstromm is going to bowl. He's measuring his run, he's taking a long one . . . why, if he hasn't gone right outside the ground. Folks, this is going to be positively atomic.

* * *

"Art's getting pretty worried because all he can do is wait. Here's Johnny in sight now, he's running, he's jet propelled, his bowling-arm's whirling like a windmill—say, will this be a googly with great big googly eyes?—he's near the wicket, he's . . . yowie Art runs at the ball, it passes by him, it's still rising, it's away like a bird, it's gone right out of the other end of the ground. Gee, folks, that ball was something

"Now the referee is holding his arms wide apart . . . I don't quite know what that signifies, folks, but I think he means it's a century for Johnny."

"And so, while they fetch a new ball, I just wanna remind you that this programme comes to you by courtesy of 'Little Mary' Stomach Tablets, those great little burp banishers."

by Ian Fox

The Curtain Rises at No. 34

by HENRY FIRTH

BATHED IN AN EERIE glow, the skeletons whirl madly in and out of the tombstones. A flash of lightning outlines the gaping vault. A spectre shrieks across the lowering sky as the music throbs to a crescendo. . . . In the stalls you could hear a pin drop.

Then the lights go up—and we are in the front parlour of Mr. and Mrs. William Pinnock at No. 34 Carisbrooke Road, Walthamstow, London.

The stage, we see, is two feet long and set between curtained french windows. We look at the clock on the mantelpiece. For an hour and a half we have been watching the colour, the music, the gaiety of a miniature Wagnerian overture. It was powerful magic, a magnificent illusion.

It all goes back, as far as the Pinnocks are concerned, to one rainy afternoon before the war.

Young Barry, home from boarding school, was bored—until his father, a local government officer with an interest in the theatre, had an idea. "Let's make a model stage," he said.

As the rain streamed down outside they went to work, using bits of wood, paper, wire, scenery cut from posters and magazine illustrations, Mrs. Pinnock's china ornaments, anything that ingenuity suggested.

When at last they took a critical look at their handiwork, William Pinnock said, "Why, that seems pretty good!"

The Good Companions

Friends came, saw and were conquered. Soon there grew up at No. 34 a little band of good companions held together by the fascination of the model theatre. There was "Big Tom" Hodge, a shop assistant, who looked after the music, "Little Tom" Brown, a shoe repairer, who worked out complicated lighting effects, Len Marker, storekeeper, who carved the puppets, and Mrs. Pinnock and Miss Gardner, local librarian, who dressed them.

Then war rang down the curtain. But when it was over, back they came, one by one, to No. 34.

They made ex-A.B. Barry Pinnock's sailor shirt into a fine new safety curtain—and they started again, with a new recruit now, Colin Bacon, aged twelve, assistant puppeteer

The première of *Divertisement*, the model theatre's first postwar production, was quite an occasion. Of course, everybody had first-night nerves. But everything went off well. The audience, which had come doubtfully to see a new toy, stayed and enjoyed what it saw.

If you're good at "pulling strings," you can become a stage star in your own front parlour. William Pinnock, puppeteer, shows how

That was all last year. Since then the theatre has played to crowded houses—of fifty.

There is no admission charge. But people "give what they like" for the programmes. That, and the group members' shilling a week subscriptions keep the theatre going.

Producer Pinnock took me back-stage. We went out of the back door, through the garden and into the lean-to greenhouse which serves as combined scenic studio, props store and green-room. A stack of sets lay against the wall. Formal panelling, purple mountains, blue waters, terraces. . . . Pinnock is his own scene painter.

Something tapped against the greenhouse window. The feet of the cast—dangling on their strings, a long, colourful line. Pinnock introduced me.

"This is Delilah—the tiny beads round her neck were given us by a friend, the bracelets are tinfoil . . . Rudolph, of *La Bohème*, proper period French style . . . Chinky Lu for the Chinese dance in *Casse Noisette*—see the pigtail? . . . and this one we call the Lady in Red—don't you think she's like Joan Crawford?"

Pinnock ran his eye over his cast with a producer's critical look. Just as actors in the living theatre have to make up before a performance, so in the model theatre each puppet must be examined to make sure his strings are all right.

This is a fairly simple matter at No. 34, because, although there are puppets with as many as a hundred strings, Pinnock's have only three. They are "single control," animated by a simple movement of the hand.

Making Them Lifelike

How hard is it to handle puppets? Infusing them with the maximum of life is the main thing, says Pinnock. That, and accurate timing. Also, you must always be ready for the unforeseen—as when the Lady in Red got her left hand wedged underneath the grand piano.

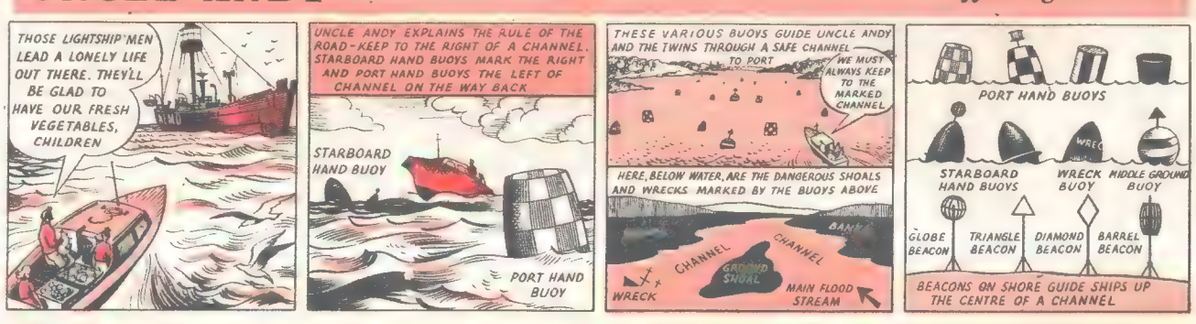
But the magic of the model theatre does not depend on one man's sleight of hand. It lies in absolute precision and perfect teamwork. To achieve the subtle blend of colour, music and lighting in *Divertisement* took nine months of steady rehearsing.

For William Pinnock, the model theatre is more than an engrossing hobby. It's a philosophy, too.

He looks along his cheerful line of paint jars and says: "We want to give pleasure to people. The world could take a lesson from the way we work together in our little theatre group."

UNCLE ANDY

Traffic Signs at Sea


THOSE LIGHTSHIP MEN LEAD A LONELY LIFE OUT THERE. THEY'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE OUR FRESH VEGETABLES, CHILDREN
UNCLE ANDY EXPLAINS THE RULE OF THE ROAD—KEEP TO THE RIGHT OF A CHANNEL. STARBOARD HAND BUOYS MARK THE RIGHT AND PORT HAND BUOYS THE LEFT OF CHANNEL ON THE WAY BACK
STARBOARD HAND BUOY
PORT HAND BUOY
THESE VARIOUS BUOYS GUIDE UNCLE ANDY AND THE TWINS THROUGH A SAFE CHANNEL
TO PORT
WE MUST ALWAYS KEEP TO THE MARKED CHANNEL
HERE, BELOW WATER, ARE THE DANGEROUS SHOALS AND WRECKS MARKED BY THE BUOYS ABOVE
BANK
CHANNEL
CHANNEL
GROUND SHOAL
WRECK
MAIN FLOOD STREAM
PORT HAND BUOYS
STARBOARD HAND BUOYS
WRECK BUOY
MIDDLE GROUND BUOY
WRECK
GLOBE BEACON
TRIANGLE BEACON
DIAMOND BEACON
BARREL BEACON
BEACONS ON SHORE GUIDE SHIPS UP THE CENTRE OF A CHANNEL

For the singer it was an old routine, but a song can set memories, hopes, even disputes in motion among listeners

To his discomfiture, Tubby was winking up at him, as if to say: "That's the stuff to tear 'em up, brother"

King of the open road

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

THE PUMP ROOM ORCHESTRA, galloping across an imaginary Sahara, brought the *Desert Song* selection to a mighty close. From spotless tables among palm trees in pots came an even ripple of applause. The orchestra leader tucked his violin under one arm and stretched a welcoming hand towards the back of the dais, whence a stocky figure in evening dress could be seen making its way to the grand piano. The orchestra leader adjusted the microphone and spoke into it:

"And now, an old favourite who needs no introduction to Norgate Bay—Britain's most popular baritone, Harry Grimthorp!"

The diners, now at the coffee stage, clapped heartily.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure to be back in Norgate Bay after my South African tour."

His voice was rotund, quiet, sincere. He still had a trace of a Yorkshire accent. He was the picture of health, clean living and honesty as he stood clasping and unclasping his hands.

Here he was at home, among people who understood and liked him. Here he could not fail.

His ruddy face creased into a cheery smile. "My first song, in response to very many requests is 'King of the Open Road.' Thank you."

A murmur of approval, an isolated clap or two. The pianist struck half a dozen rousing chords. Harry Grimthorp half closed his eyes and threw back his head.

O, a devil-may-care sort of fellow am I,
King of the Open Road!

he sang.

Listening to Harry Grimthorp's magnificent voice made you proud to be British, adventurous, free. He always sang songs like "King of the Open Road." Songs of the wide spaces, of brave deeds and famous victories, country songs with plenty of fol-de-rol and nonny-no. Drinking songs, too, though not, of course, on Sundays (he was a strict teetotaller anyway).

With the dales at my feet, and the stars at my head,
Why, what care I for a feather bed?

trolled Harry.

He'd sung "King of the Open Road" so often, he had every little nuance and gesture so pat that he could do it in his sleep, and sometimes did.

As his glorious voice rolled round the Pump Room, his eyes took in the Sunday night scene.

The creamy curtains were not yet drawn. Through the deep windows he saw the sunset pouring blood upon the grey English Channel. Already the flash of a lightship could be seen, the last of the lobster boats was coming in, the tamarisks round the Bowling Green quivered in the offshore breeze, the Pier Pavilion was a dazzle of fairy-lights, and the sophisticated gulls wheeled homeward to the chalk ledges on Norgate Point.

There was something not quite real, Harry felt, about the cosy charm of Norgate Bay. Wars came and went, hotels were turned into billets and back again into hotels, beaches were wired and mined and cleared again, but Norgate Bay survived unscarred. Up on the East Cliff were the same preparatory schools and convalescent homes. Along the Esplanade were the same bank holiday fathers who rolled up stiff trousers to paddle.

Above all, the Royal Spa Hotel where Harry was now singing. It hadn't changed essentially since the first time he had sung here in 1913. The same invalids, retired officers, maiden ladies living on capital, the elderly and lonely who had missed almost everything in life except comfort and security.

Give me the life of a vagabond,
Yes, that's the life of which I'm fond!

intoned Harry.

But, he thought, I don't really want to be a vagabond at all. It's a rotten life, and who should know better than I? That time I got stranded in Queensland, rounding up brumbies till I could save the fare to Sydney. Three years at sea, eighteen months bumming across America, washing dishes, singing in saloons—it had been pure hell.

With my pack on my back, come rain or shine,
The life of a tramp shall e'er be mine!

Harry realized he was now singing to a bent old lady with a hearing-aid and a walking stick who sat only a few feet away. She was smiling short-sightedly at him, swaying her head to the music. For the moment she was completely happy.

She had lived at the Royal Spa Hotel for the last nine years, and her name was Miss Gwendoline Jupp. Listening to Harry's manly voice did her heart more good than all the valerian drops Crocker prescribed.

Harry was part of her world, had been so for many years. He was still a fine-looking man, too: steely-grey hair and plenty of it; well set up, though he must be nearly sixty now.

His voice carried her back to the cottage hospital where she had worked as a V.A.D. during the first World War. Harry Grimthorp, himself disabled, singing for wounded soldiers.

One day a stretcher had come in . . . her younger brother Herbert . . . she shut away the memory quickly.

O I've never a penny to any man owed,
For I am King of the Open Road!

roared Harry.

Never owed a penny, indeed! He almost giggled. How about those lean winter months, trying to live on what he'd earned in the summer season, with only a few smoking concerts to tide him over? Of course, there was the B.B.C. nowadays, and gramophone records, but twenty years ago. . . . He'd always wanted to sing opera; he'd got the voice for it, too, but he'd been doing vagabond songs for so long that no one would take his Wotan or his Don Giovanni seriously.

Harry turned his attention to a well-nourished gentleman sitting over by the window. This was Councillor W. J. Healey-Hawkes, chairman of the Norgate Bay Entertainments Committee. With him sat Mr. Charles F. Enstone, Entertainments Manager.

"Well, Charlie boy," sighed the councillor, "it's been a poorish season. Don't know what we'd do without the residents. We don't get the class of people we used to, and that's a fact." He jerked his head towards a group of men occupying some half a dozen tables in one corner of the Pump Room. They were attending a Trades Union Conference at Norgate Bay. Councillor Healey-Hawkes, unsuccessful Conservative candidate at the last election, regarded them with ineffable sourness. That these hob-nailed Reds should choose Norgate Bay, of all places. . . .

"Still, we do our best for all and sundry," smirked Mr. Enstone. "Can't go far wrong with Harry Grimthorp, can you? I wanted him for the Winter Gardens in Regatta Week, but Westbourne've booked him instead. Outbid us, I expect. Now if only you'd let me spend more money——."

"I've told you before, Charlie—if you hire a good concert party you've got to cut down on your guest artists. It's the

tourists we're catering for, not the residents. In the summer at any rate. I don't think so much of your Jollytechnics, anyway."

"Well, now's your chance to complain to 'em personally," said Charlie Enstone, offended. "Some of 'em are sitting over there."

Councillor Healey-Hawkes's eyes followed the movement of the Entertainment Manager's thumb to a table near the orchestra. Harry Grimthorp's gaze went with them. He found himself singing to Mr. Frank Le May (light tenor and raconteur), Miss Dorothy Dearly (soubrette and child-impersonations), and Mr. Tubby Townsend (comedian, and Uncle Tubby at children's matinees). Norgate Bay did not allow concert parties to perform on Sunday nights, and the Jollytechnics were grateful for the respite. Harry Grimthorp did not know any of them, though there was something familiar in Tubby Townsend's Cheshire cat bonhomie.

And it's O! for the sea, and O! for the sky,
And O! for the air so free, say I!

sang Harry.

To his discomfiture, Tubby was grinning up at him and winking, as if to say: "That's the stuff to tear 'em up, brother!" For a second Harry remembered a variety agent's office in Soho ten or eleven years ago, a round face beaming with just such an expression, and a fruity voice: "I say, weren't we on the road together? *Jack and the Beanstalk*, wasn't it? I suppose you couldn't lend me a quid for a couple of days?"

Miss Dearly and Mr. Le May watched Harry Grimthorp half critically, half admiringly. "Grand old trouper, Harry G.," remarked Dorothy. "I've half a mind to go and kiss him." She favoured Harry Grimthorp with a special little smile of encouragement. It was a happy coincidence that just at this moment he was singing:

For a vagabond's life is full of fun,
And ev'ry kiss is a stolen one——

The little incident did him good. Nevertheless, he turned away and embraced other members of the public with his wholesome resonance.

He noticed, half hidden by the fronds of a potted palm, a young couple. Only their entwined hands were clearly visible. Harry felt a great sympathy and benevolence towards them. He sang to them alone for a few seconds. He was sorry that he could not hear their voices.

"Robert, I'm so dreadfully happy! I can hardly bear it."

"My sweet." The young man's voice was fond, but not quite free from anxiety.

"Think how many times we've heard concerts from the Royal Spa Hotel on the wireless! We never thought we'd be honeymooning here, did we? . . . Darling, let's ask him to sing *our* song! *You* ask him, Robert. Quick, before anyone else——"

"He couldn't sing 'Oh, what a beautiful morning!'" Robert Sampson objected. "It's not his sort of thing. He always sings hearty songs."

"The open road!" she went off at a tangent. "Oh, I wish we were alone, alone on an open road, walking hand in hand towards a rich red sunset. The adventures we'd have. We'd throw up all our responsibilities, quit our jobs, seek our fortune anyhow, anywhere——"

A bitter expression crossed Robert's face. "As if you could nowadays!" he said. "This isn't a land of opportunity. Ask anybody who's been in the Forces. We'd have to emigrate. Young people haven't a chance these days."

"Oh, you!" She withdrew her hands angrily. "You're so unimaginative! You want everything brought to you on a plate. Yes, and you're cowardly, too!"

"Darling, what——"

"You haven't even the courage to go up and ask Harry Grimthorp to sing 'Oh, what a beautiful morning!'" she sniffed.

"Oh, all right." Savagely he rose and began to thread his way among the tables, knocking things over and apologizing to people.

Another couple in the Pump Room were having a somewhat similar argument. Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Allday, of Birmingham, had come to Norgate Bay for Mrs. Allday's sciatica and Mr. Allday's kidneys. (Badcock and Allday's Rivets, of course—a name to conjure with in the Midlands.)

Edith Allday was feeling nostalgic. "I do wish he'd sing 'Pale hands I loved.'"

"Grimthorp's no fool," Mr. Allday stated. "Must have made a packet in his time. Got quite a bit tucked away, I shouldn't wonder. Royalties on gramophone records and that." Much of Mr. Allday's time was spent in reading that column of his newspaper which dealt with people's wills. The phrase "net personalty" had a curious fascination for him. The importance of not being a fool was the guiding principle of his life.

Oh, a devil-may-care sort of fellow am I,
King of the open road!

boomed Harry.

And then a dreadful thing happened. Edith Allday burst into a squeal of laughter.

"Here, I say! Edith—for heaven's sake——" Enoch was hot with embarrassment. But she still laughed helplessly. "What's funny about it?" His eyes were pained and hostile.

"Oh, Enoch! I was just thinking how funny you'd look on the open road!" she giggled. "With a bit of bread and cheese done up in a handkerchief, sleeping in a haystack, not bothering to shave, tramping all over the world——"

"I don't know what's come over you, Edith," he muttered. "You're—why you're making an *exhibition* of yourself!"

"Oh, Enoch!" She shook her head, choking with laughter.

"Anyroad, I was pretty near it when I was a lad, and don't you forget it, my girl!" he said indignantly. "I started on twelve bob a week, and it was damned hard, I can tell you. And now I've hacked off a bit of the world's goods for Number One, it's ruddy hard to keep it, with all this nationalisation!"

The word "nationalisation" caused a young man at the next table to prick up his ears. Jack Siddons, a young Left-Wing journalist, was covering the conference for his paper. He was trying to coax Jock Tyfield, a veteran trade union leader, into making a few quotable remarks. He waved his hand round the pump room.

"Look at 'em!" he grinned. "The poor old middle classes! The last outposts of unearned increments, fat legacies and nest-eggs!"

Jock Tyfield's face moved not a muscle.

"They sit here," Siddons went on scornfully, "night after night in this cushy hotel. Safe and solid citizens who never took a risk in their lives. And they lap up songs about taking the open road, glorifying the life of a tramp, knocking about the world without a bed to sleep in——"

Jock Tyfield spoke at last. He shook his head pityingly. "Ye're very young, aren't ye, laddie? Ye're kicking the class that bore you. Ye'd better to hold your whisht, I'm telling ye!"

"Well, I——" Siddons gasped.

"I'm a working man, laddie, and I've seen a deal more of the world than you have. And I tell ye I'm a mite sorry for these puir folk. They canna help it, can they? Do ye blame the leaves for falling in the autumn? It's all a lot bigger than you imagine, what's happening in this country."

Siddons was shaken to the core. He had built up a picture of Jock Tyfield as a relentless fighter who struck terror into the hearts of privileged people, such people as inhabited the Royal Spa Hotel at Norgate Bay. Instead, he faced a cheerful old man of mild speech and sympathetic heart.

"Mr. Tyfield, I was only pointing out the ridiculousness of that plump baritone exhorting a lot of well-fed stick-in-the-muds——"

"Let him sing," Tyfield murmured. "Personally I'm enjoying it. Whit harm's he doing? As for his vagabonds, we call 'em spivs nowadays, and direct 'em into essential industries."

With the dales at my feet and the stars at my head,
Why, what care I for a feather bed?

Siddons thought he saw an angle in the old man's last words. "You mean, Mr. Tyfield, that now we've *all* got social security from cradle to grave, the tramp's a thing of the past?"

"So are the hunger-marchers," Tyfield said seriously. "And so, very nearly, are these people here. . . . Oh, some of 'em are still bosses. Only we don't call 'em that any more. We call 'em the Managerial Class. Words and ideas change, ye know. . . . Don't mind me, laddie. I'm always rude to the Press!"

Among the Managerial Class was undoubtedly Mr. Marinetti, who had been running the catering side of the Royal Spa Hotel for some fourteen years. He had just strolled into the Pump Room for a last look round before retiring to his office to go through the accounts. He paused for a moment, stirred by Harry Grimthorp's voice. He did not greatly care for "King of the Open Road." His joy was to hear Harry singing Negro spirituals. And this was strange, for Mr. Marinetti always saw to it that he had no rooms vacant when coloured guests arrived. He had had many arguments about it with the reception clerks.

And ev'ry man who shoulders his load
Is a brother of mine on the Open Road!

sang Harry.

Mr. Marinetti turned sharply to a waiter: "Those liqueur glasses are too full. Leave a quarter of an inch at the top. We save four shillings retail on every bottle that way." He touched his moustaches delicately, and went out through the swing doors.

The liqueurs in question were for Mrs. Florence Merson and her daughter Althea. They, too, were enjoying Harry Grimthorp's song, but in different ways. Mrs. Merson had had occasion to divorce her husband at the beginning of the war. She was a domineering woman, and Althea secretly sympathized with her father's conduct, though she missed him deeply. Althea, at twenty, was not exactly a dull girl. She gave the impression of never having had much opportunity to develop. A few adjustments—hair, clothes, shade of lipstick—might have made a considerable difference, but her mother was sole arbiter in these matters.

"There you are, dear," Mrs. Merson said graciously. "Your first Grand Marnier, just for a birthday treat!"

"Thank you, Mother." It wasn't her first, but she let it pass.

"Fancy, Althea. We used to *know* Mr. Grimthorp in the old days!"

"Really, Mother?" The "old days," it seemed to Althea, were that mysterious eternity before she had been allowed to stay up late. Everything noteworthy in the Merson family had happened in the "old days."

"Or rather," Mrs. Merson amended, "your father knew him. They belonged to the same golf club at one time. I wonder—should I go and introduce myself to him? . . . Why, Althea, I do believe he has a son just about your age!"

"Yes, Mother?"

The liqueur and the mellow voice of Harry Grimthorp made Althea dreamy. She wished her mother wouldn't keep planning marriages for her. Couldn't she see that there wasn't a chance here in Norgate Bay? She wanted to go to London and get a job. She had wanted to join the Wrens, she had wanted so many things, but mother had always had other plans.

Althea had had enough of Norgate Bay. Her schooldays had been spent in one of those seminaries for young ladies along the East Cliff where one got good conduct marks for sitting up straight. She had sat up straight for eight years. Mother had always stayed at the Royal Spa Hotel when visiting her daughter

Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHATEVER his daydreams were, this errand boy was too engrossed to pose for Yates Wilson when the cover artist spotted him in a Cheltenham street. "But meet me at the shop tomorrow morning at seven," said the lad, "and I'll be glad to oblige." Getting up so early, Yates Wilson confesses, was a distinct bind, but he feels it was worth it. And the pose came easily—for it was almost second nature for the errand boy to ride a bike one-handed, one-legged

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Yes, these are assassins all right—killers, not of bodies, but of minds and spirits, men and women who not only don't want to help but who take a fiendish delight in hindering.

There are plenty of things wrong with life. There always have been and always will be. But the remedy is not to spread gloom and despondency. If we can't alter the world, we can most assuredly alter ourselves. We can give up moaning, "What's the use?" and try the effect of saying, "Don't let's be murderers!"

by ROFFE THOMPSON

MEN WHO MUST KNOW THE RIGHT TIME—1

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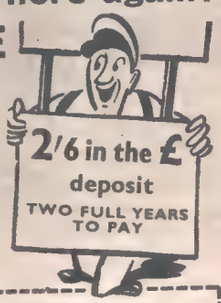

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KING OF THE OPEN ROAD

Continued from page 18

for half-terms and Parents' Days. Mrs. Merson had grown found of the hotel, and when Mr. Merson left the path of rectitude, mother and daughter had come to live here permanently.

So I snap my fingers at joy and sorrow,
For I never know where I'll be tomorrow!

Harry sang gaily.

It was now that an explosion took place in Althea's listless head. Where, she asked herself, would *she* be tomorrow? Sick temptation turned to blazing certainty. She would be in London! She had four pounds in the Post Office and Uncle Arthur had given her a birthday cheque for two pounds. She felt wildly grateful to Harry Grimthorp. The way was clear now. It wasn't exactly the open road, but. . . . She could type a little, she'd secretly taught herself a bit of shorthand, too. She would be a hospital orderly, a barmaid, a shop assistant, anything. Even if it didn't last long, it would be a change.

"Althea, dear, how bright your eyes are!" Mrs. Merson said merrily. "I'm afraid drink goes straight to your head!"

"Yes, Mother," Althea smiled. Poor mother, it would be a shock for her. But she'd get used to it, and, of course, there'd still be weekends at Norgate Bay. It was no use telling mother what she intended to do. She would leave a note, in the traditional style.

"Althea, that man over there. He keeps staring at you. Do you know him?"

"Where, Mother?"

"Don't stare back, dear. In the middle, by those ferns. He's rather distinguished-looking."

"No, Mother. I don't know him."

"Really, it's dreadful. One never gets to know anyone here," fretted Mrs. Merson.

The distinguished-looking man was in fact not looking at Althea at all. His gaze went right over her head to Miss Dorothy Dearly, whose vivacity he had often admired at the Jollytechnics. But he was content with admiration. Paymaster-Commander Fossett's bachelordom had become confirmed during the war years. He had come to the conclusion that women were not cut out for marriage at all. On the whole, he was well content with the Royal Spa Hotel, his pension, and a view of the sea.

He enjoyed the Sunday night concerts. His heart, already warmed by "King of the Open Road," would know ecstasy if he could hear, just once, again, "Drake's Drum." He would feel every inch a sailor. For if he had one regret, it was that he hadn't had a deck under his feet for eleven years. He had suffered from seasickness, so they had kept him at the Admiralty, paying people, and looking out of the window at the pelicans in St. James's Park.

Harry Grimthorp was near the end of his song now. Looking down among the tables, he could see the sheepish figure of Robert Sampson coming towards him. Harry worked up to the climax of the last chorus: ". . . King of the O-*PE-E-E-EN*—Road!" The wind he saved up for the long high G on "-PEN"—twelve whole seconds of it—always drew a storm of applause. Ruggedly smiling, shoulders heaving like an Olympic winner, Harry bowed his acknowledgments and patted his shining forehead with a silk handkerchief.

"Excuse me——" Robert Sampson began.

"I'm so sorry," the wonderful voice reverberated. "We're broadcasting, you know. I have to stick to my programme.

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by ***HERBERT HODGE***

Soft lights and sausages

ONE OF A HUSBAND'S most difficult duties, I think, is taking his wife out for a meal. Of course, the ideal wife never wants to be taken out for a meal. But the ordinary human wife gets tired of cooking meals seven days a week, all the year round, and sooner or later demands to be given a meal cooked by somebody else.

That's where the husband's problem begins. Where can he find a restaurant that will serve up a meal as good as his wife cooks at home.

The single man may think the quality of the meal doesn't matter. In fact, I've heard single men suggest that a poor restaurant meal on these occasions is really the best thing. It should convince the wife, they say, that she's a lucky woman to have a kitchen of her own where she can cook to her heart's content, instead of having to put up with restaurant rubbish, like so many of the poor women who aren't married.

But the experienced husband never makes that kind of mistake. For one thing, he naturally wants to give his wife a good time, so as to reap the reward of her gratitude later on. And, for another, he knows that if he can't manage to give her a good meal in a restaurant, he won't have a leg to stand on the next time he criticizes the food at home.

So after using every possible excuse to put off the awful moment as long as he can, he finally takes her to the most expensive restaurant he can afford—and then finds they've only got boiled cod or sausages. In my experience, the more expensive the restaurant you go to, the more likely they are to have only boiled cod or sausages.

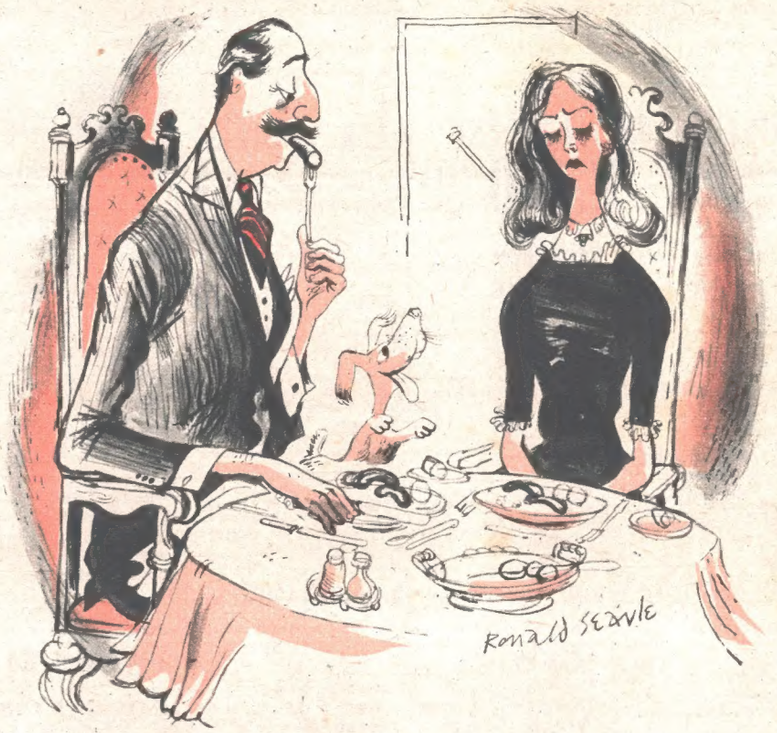
They've got plenty of other things on the menu, of course; but a husband taking out his wife always seems to arrive at the wrong time. They don't seem to cater for married couples in those places.

Puts Him in a Spot

I sometimes wonder if the man who first called marriage a "state of tragic tension" once took his wife out to a meal of boiled cod or sausages. The tension in a husband's mind at such a moment is apt to be too tragic for words. If he tries to laugh it off, his wife may think he's callous and doesn't care; and if he grumbles about it to the waiter, she may tell him he ought to know better than to start having rows with people on her one precious evening out.

The only thing he can do is to watch her expression until he's quite sure which way she's going to take it. Then follow her lead; only, of course, more loudly, as befits a loving husband.

As an old London cabman, I've often wished I could take my wife to a cabman's shelter for a meal; but we cabmen had to put the bar up to that sort of thing years ago. In the old days, cabmen's shelters had such a reputation for chops and steaks that the more knowing among the inhabitants of Mayfair would ignore their proper places like the Berkeley and the Ritz, and slip into the Piccadilly or Hyde Park Corner shelters for their evening meal. Cabmen naturally objected to finding their shelters cluttered up with mobs in evening dress. So they put a stop to all visitors.



Good food or sweet music? Problems begin when he takes her out to dine

The great tradition of the cab-shelters was built up on good cooking. And that still holds good today. The shelter-keeper, peeling his spuds in a pail by the kerb, and cooking everything in a kitchen not much bigger than a sentry box, still turns out meals that taste better than those in most of the larger and more expensive restaurants.

The beauty of it, from the customer's point of view, is that a cab shelter cannot expand. It can never hold more than a dozen or so customers at one time. So that, no matter how good a cook the man in charge may be, he can never accommodate enough customers to reach the mass-production stage, and the ruination of the food.

I've seen several good little restaurants go that way in my time. They begin somewhere in Soho, perhaps simply with a few secondhand chairs and tables set up in a vacant shop. The proprietor, being a good cook, gradually becomes known to a discerning few—usually a hard-up few who like good food at low prices. These few foolishly boast about it to their better-off friends; and the restaurant expands into the room upstairs.

Success Spoils Them

The next time you go, you find the prices have gone upstairs a little, too; though the food seems to have gone a little downstairs. Then the time comes when you hear its name on everybody's lips as a good little place to go to.

That, of course, is the end. You take your wife there for another little treat, and there's a man in uniform to open the door for you. When you get inside, you find they've only got boiled cod or sausages (for such as you, anyway). And when you come to pay the bill, you find there's a "house-charge." The restaurant has become a success.

The thing to do when you want a good meal in London is to follow the cabmen. They don't all go to cab-shelters; there aren't enough of the old shelters left. Wherever you see a café with a row of unattended cabs outside, you can be fairly sure of finding a good cheap meal inside.

The only difficulty is that the general atmosphere isn't always quite what your wife was looking forward to. A woman is sometimes put off by chipped cups and wet cutlery, and the rather dingy look of everything. She doesn't feel she's having a proper evening out.

Food or Frills?

The really strong-minded husband puts the question to her bluntly before they start. Is she looking forward to soft lights and sweet music, and a bit of what women call "life"—or does she want a plate of good grub?

Naturally, she wants the lot. And when she says so, he would have to be a very strong-minded husband who would refuse to set out once again on this romantic quest with her—even if he's absolutely sure in his own mind that they'll end up by having boiled cod or sausages; with or without sweet music. After all, there's always a chance, just a chance, that this time they'll find exactly what they're hoping for.

My wife and I were lucky enough to do that the other evening. But, for the moment, we're keeping the address strictly to ourselves. We want a chance to have another go at the grub before it starts being ruined by success.

HE'S A BELIEVER IN "QUADS"!

"MY *Bullets* £250 will go into the bank as a jolly good nest-egg for our two young daughters," said foreman painter P. Heaton, 46 Thirlmere Street, Leigh. But what are the "quads" this reader recommends to others seeking a First Prize?

"The 'quads' I advise," he declared, "are *Bullets Bulletin*, a notebook, a list of winning lines and faith in the judges."

Here on this page are the latest winners for you to study, a coupon on which to enter for this week's attractive 2-in-1 prizes and a reservation form to secure a regular weekly *Bulletin*. You could have made up any of those winning efforts just announced, so why shouldn't your coupon below bring you one of the 1,062 prizes now waiting to be won?

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RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Sept 25, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Civilized Man
Face Of Europe
The Next Move
Overworked
Thanks To The Farmers
Welcome To All
Austerity Blues
To Save Money
Giant Strides
Team Of Experts
Long Ago
Quite Unnecessary
Do Or Die
Kept Under
From The Start

A Woman's Way
When All's Said And Done
Sonny's Football
Like A Hare
Country Bumpkin

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Another.....
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What..... Thinks
Lot To.....
Inspected The.....
I Like....., But

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TWO BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 593

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Dower. 3, Lead. 6, Case. 7, Pies. 10, Aid. 12, Daily. 13, Arms. 14, Meats. 15, Haunt. DOWN: 2, Wire. 4, Dent. 5, Par. 8, Airs. 9, Lakes. 11, Fight.

TWO £100 SHARERS: H. Jackson, 41 Aughton Road, Southport; J. G. Morley, 26 Richmond Crescent, London, E.4. Winners also receive Week's Seaside Holiday for Two.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 12 entrants.

NOTE.—Holiday Prize Offers are now over for 1948, but this week's £100 and 12-Item Surprise Parcels give you a greatly increased opportunity to win a useful 2-in-1 Award for the Crossword below. Start on that puzzle now, and post your entry by Monday, September 6.

"Bullets" 1,641 Result

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus Seaside Holiday for Two: Mrs. M. Pegg, 4 West View, Hatfield: WORKER OF TOMORROW GUARANTEED EVERYTHING BUT —TOMORROW!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: D. Clarke, "Richmonds," 4 Sandringham Mansions, Exeter Road, Bournemouth: DRUNK AS EVER—WORLD, KEEPING "FAMILY" POOR.

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: Mrs. A. Lamb, 47 Burnthwaite Road, Liverpool 14: WHEN DAD PLAYED CRICKET—DESERVED CAP—*And* BELLS!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: M. Gordon Banks, Berwyn, The Mount, Shrewsbury: FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE—SHEPHERDED—MUSIN'T BECOME "SHEEP." £8: A. E. North, 23 Marshall Street, Heanor: SENT TO ILLUMINATE—WORLD—MANKIND FIRES IT! £7: W. R. Bowie, Crakaig, Loth, Sutherland: WORKER OF TOMORROW—SINGING AT HIS *Switch*? £6: Mrs. E. Warburton, 16 Bridge Street, Bamberbridge: CRACK OF THE WHIP—BY "*Herd*"—THAT'S DEMOCRACY.

FIVE of £5: S. Curry, 141 Springfield Road, Kearsley: IF WE GO CAREFULLY —WE'LL "PULL UP". QUICKLY. H. Griffiths, 180 Parrin Lane, Winton, Manchester: RUSSIA'S GAME—"PREPARING GROUND" FOR "ROLLER"? F. W. Hislop, "Painswick," Shelburne Road, High Wycombe: MORE FOOD—THEN LONGER DINNER-TIMES DEMANDED? J. W. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness: LOVELY AS EVER—"OLD LADY"—TOLD DAILY. L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: SENT TO TOBACCONIST—OFFICE-BOY—RETURNED EMPTY-HANDED, *Smoking*!

Holidays arranged by Cook's. 20 Prizes of £1 1s. and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

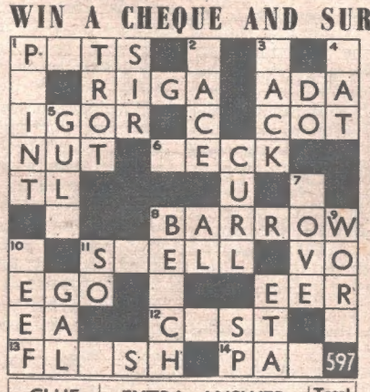
Across Clues XWORD 597

1. Men who made these have left many mining districts looking ugly
6. First-class jumper shouldn't be beaten by this
11. Pipes produce certain kind of
12. There are occasions when theatrical production does not pay entire this
13. A doctor well knows how many disorders manifest themselves in
14. Even though expressing approval, can be spoilt by touch of condescension

Down Clues

1. It costs a lot to this even a small house today
2. It worries a sportsman if he loses this
3. You won't go so far if you do this
4. Few people do this much in these days
5. Greed is now and then the means of making one
7. Whilst it may shelter, it can prove treacherous
8. Begins to show unmistakable signs of life in spring
9. There come times when it takes courage to put in this for peace
10. Has now and again been salted

WIN A CHEQUE AND SURPRISE PARCEL



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 18.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

597 Closing Postmark, MON. SEPT. 6

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

I enclose P.O. value....
No. .....

KING OF THE OPEN ROAD

Continued from previous page

I'm afraid we can't have any requests."

Mr. Sampson returned to his bride. "Well, anyhow, I *asked* him," he said huffily.

"Thank you, darling. . . . It was silly of me. I didn't really want you to go to all that trouble. You *give in* to me so easily."

"You didn't really want——?" he stared.

"I—just wanted to make you cross. It's because I love you so," she explained logically.

The applause fluttered away. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall have much pleasure in singing for you—'Drake's Drum.'"

Commander Fossett's chest swelled. The pianist played the introductory bars. Harry Grimthorp gave a little *hrrmp*, loosened his collar, clasped and unclasped his hands, and threw back his head once more.

Outside it was now quite dark. A waiter began to draw the Pump Room curtains. He alone noticed the strange figure peering in at the window. It had a long, straggly beard, a hat that seemed to have been used for straining soup, and an empty clay pipe. It wore a number of very old suits, one on top of another.

This was the only genuine monarch of the open road in Norgate Bay. His name, though he had no identity card to prove it, was Paddy McShane. His trade, when he chose to exercise it, was mending mats. He had just called at the kitchens of the "Royal Spa" to beg some scraps and a mug of tea.

Now he pressed his nose to the brilliant windows of the Pump Room, for he liked to see how the other half lived. You might almost say that his interest was scientific. The expression on his face could have been amusement, contempt or complete indifference. It certainly was not envy. One does not envy tropical fish in an illuminated aquarium.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Free Hearing Aids

THIS READER'S LETTER raises important issues for all who suffer from deafness.

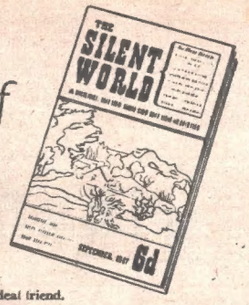
"I have been using hearing aids for fifteen years. The upkeep and repair of them take all my spare cash. I have heard about the Government providing free aids, but the Health Centres in this area do not seem to know anything about them. My own doctor knows nothing about free aids, but he did say that I might get the upkeep of my own instrument for nothing. Can you tell me anything about free hearing aids under the new Health Scheme?"

A special type of hearing aid, called the Medresco, will be supplied free under the National Health Service Act in cases where it is considered suitable. The maintenance of other types, however, is not provided for. It will be some time before every deaf person who may need an aid can be clinically examined and supplied.

When the special centres for diagnosis and testing are opened in different parts of the country, the Ministry of Health will inform local doctors of the facilities in their areas. Your doctor's statement that he knows nothing about the scheme means that a centre has not yet been opened in his area. You should ask him to keep your application until he is notified of the procedure to be followed when the centre is ready.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

A PRESENT FOR THE Deaf



No gift could be more welcome, more cheering, more helpful, than a year's subscription to "The Silent World." This magazine, designed for the deaf and hard of hearing, is fully illustrated and contains up-to-date news, authoritative features on treatment, education, training and employment, articles of general interest, readers' experiences and views. Order it for your deaf friend.

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National Institute for the Deaf

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I'M GLAD MUM'S BETTER!

WHEN DOES MY PARTY START, MUM?
OH, DON'T WORRY ME DEAR. I'VE A DREADFUL HEADACHE
SHE TOOK YEAST-VITE
OH DEAR! I CAN'T GO ON... POP NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF MRS BROWN HAS ANY YEAST-VITE
CERTAINLY LOVE. HERE YOU ARE... MUST HAVE MUMMY FIT FOR THE PARTY
LATER
I'M GLAD MUMMY'S HEADACHE HAS GONE!

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An announcement of the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.

Mother's Winter Worry

Why can't it always be summer? Oh, how I dread the winter
Hallo! Mother's worrying about electricity cuts already
Well, I don't blame her— I wonder when they'll be gone for good?
It takes time to build properly
By 1952 British Electricity's 25 new Power Stations should all be operating. Even after next winter things should get better each year

ELECTRICITY FACT Building a modern Power Station is a major engineering undertaking. From initial planning to completion, 3 to 4 years are required. British Electricity are building 25 new Power Stations; all these should be in operation by 1952; and they are planning now for 1953 and onwards. (*British Electricity*)

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GUMS & LOZENGES

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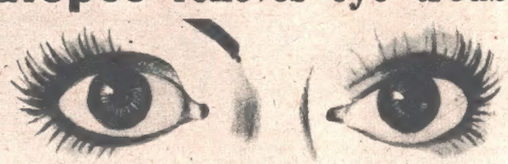

Valopto Eye Lotion contains a new antiseptic kinder to delicate eye tissues, scientifically combined with other soothing plant extracts in a new, exclusive formula. Valopto soothes eye troubles swiftly and surely, checks infection. Use it for styes, inflammation, conjunctivitis, soreness and for relief of all common eye troubles. At chemists 2/6.

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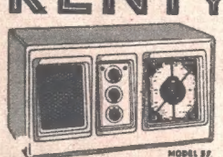

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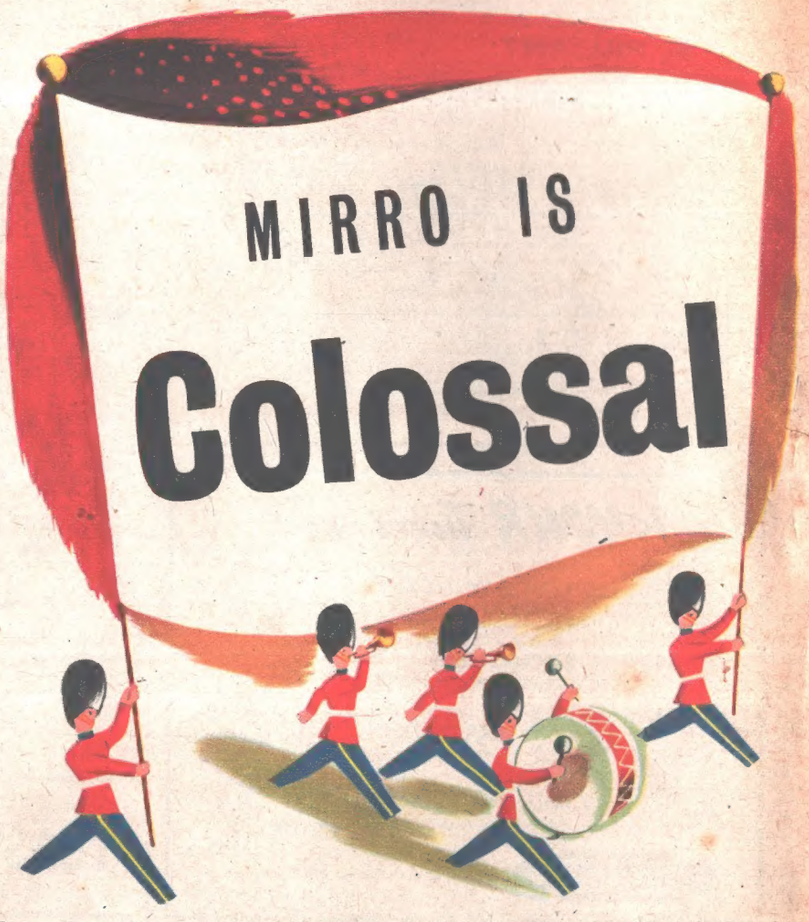
NEW SUPER OXYDOL

Gives more lather... does more washing!

MIRRO IS Colossal



Colossally efficient — removes every trace of grease from your sink in ten seconds. Mirro makes sinks shine . . . pans gleam . . . faster . . . cleaner, because it is specially blended to dissolve dirty grease. And remember — Mirro can't scratch.

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